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OCTOBER 12, 1979

F. Buckley Jr. on
SSIANS IN CUBA
see page 1318

NATIONAL REVIEW

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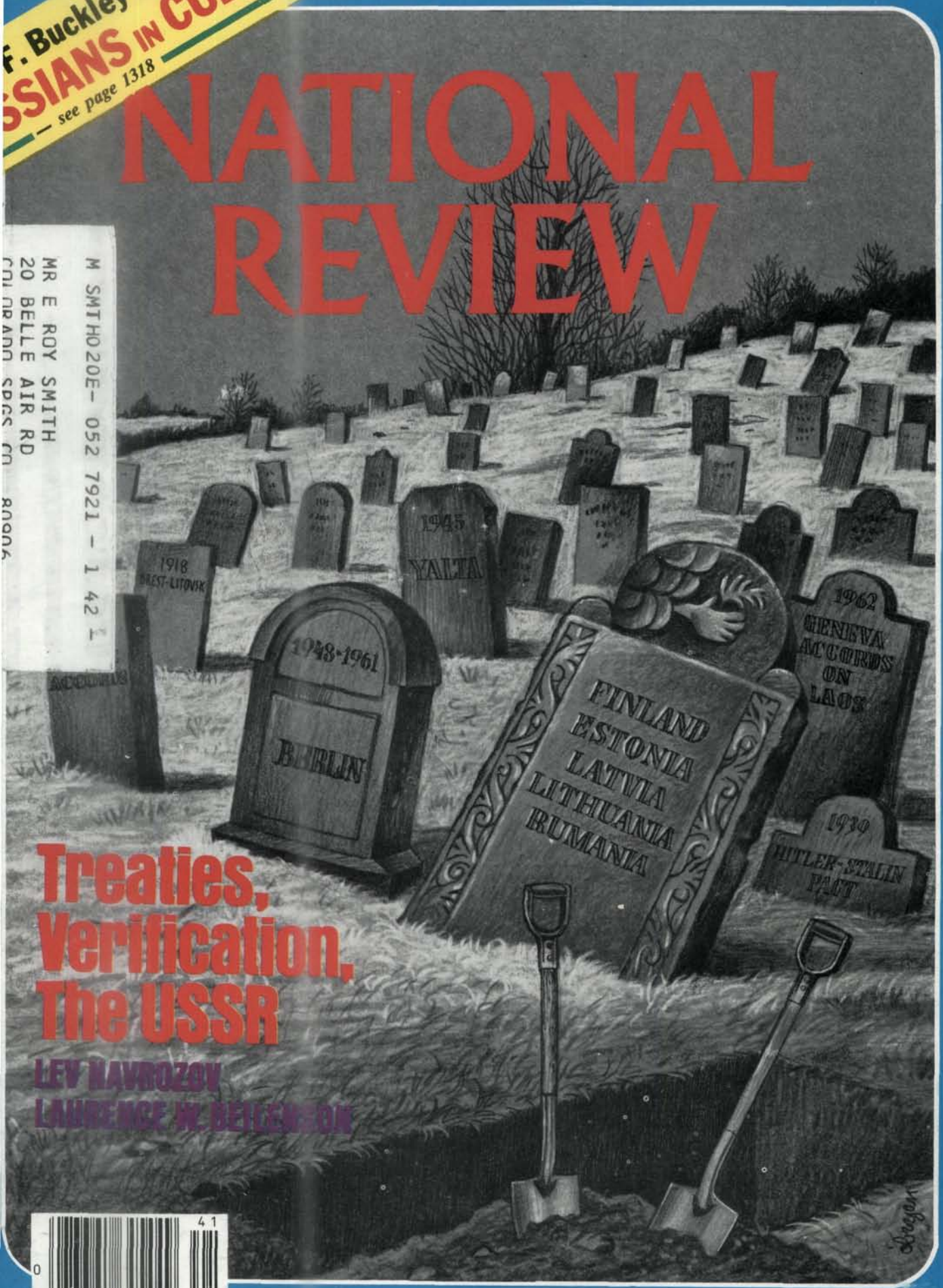

Treaties, Verification, The USSR

LEV NAVROZOV

LAURENCE W. BEILENSON

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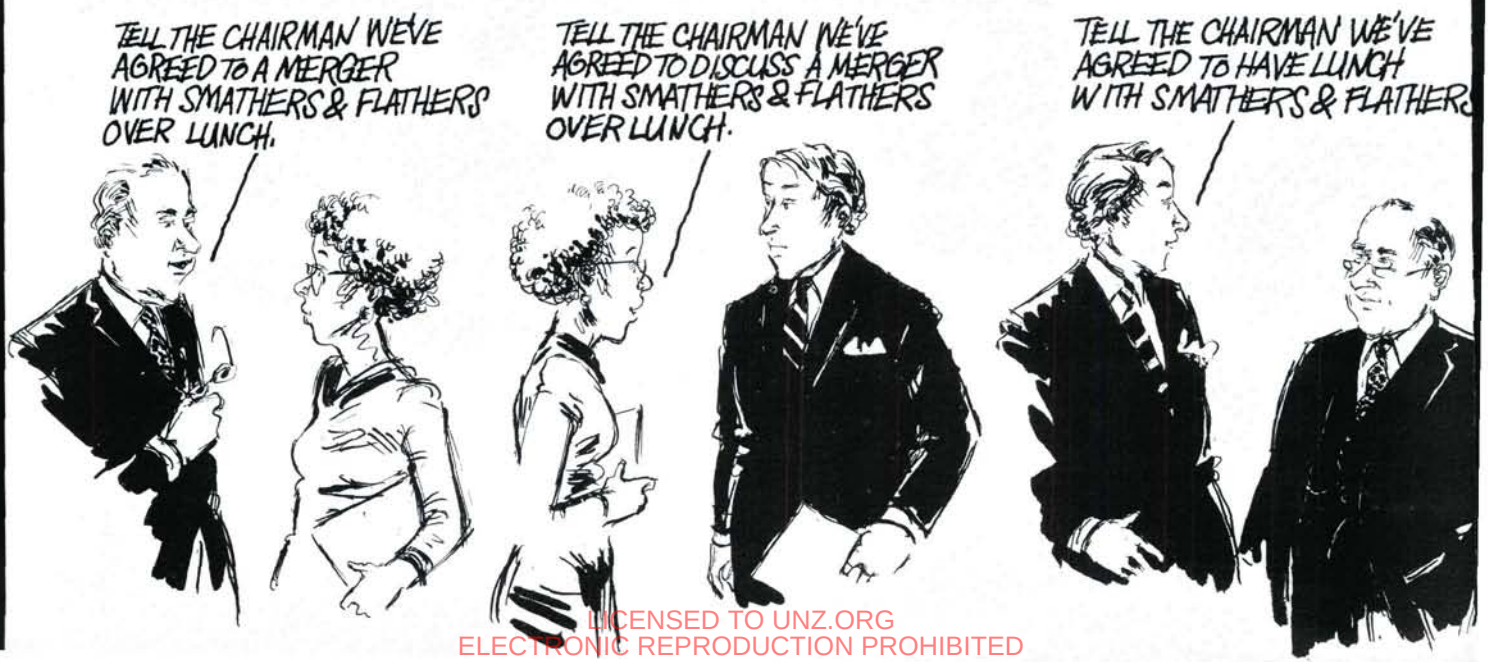
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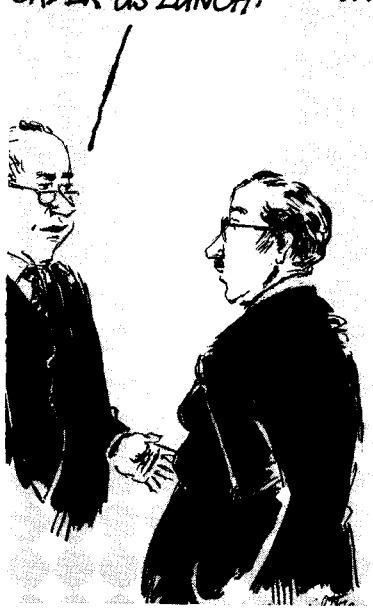

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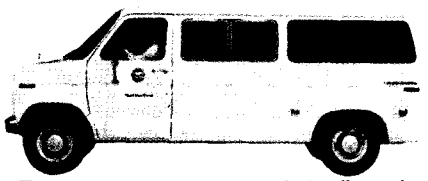

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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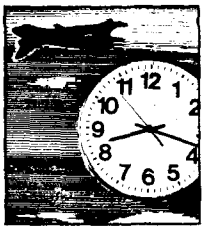

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Thoughts on the meaning and morality of "neutralism." *Brian Crozier*

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Despite the technicalities of SALT II, its basic weakness can be discerned by common sense—with a glance at Genesis 34. The wonder is that our leaders haven't thought of it—but then that's part of the weakness. *Laurence W. Beilenson*

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SALT advocates have done their best to submerge the key question of verifiability. As a result, debate has proceeded on the tacit premise that our intelligence system knows what the Soviets are up to—even though their A-bomb, their Sputnik, and their huge naval buildup came as big surprises. A lot of senators seem willing to be surprised again. *Lev Navrozov*

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Any British government right now is bound to be unpopular—especially a good government. How Mrs. Thatcher copes with unpopularity may tell the world a lot about whether years of socialism can be recovered from. *Anthony Lejeune*

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Congress is on the verge of a great achievement: undoing the health-care mess created by previous Congresses. *M. Stanton Evans*

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Our leading newspaper has seen fit to print three attacks on Lewis recently. Their tone was set by the reviewer who observed, in a single sentence, that Lewis was a) "pudgy" and b) "not too scrupulous" in debate. *Robert C. De Camara*

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Cover design by James W. O'Bryan

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Leonard Hayflick, Ph.D.:

A NEW THEORY ON THE CAUSE OF HEART DISEASE AND STROKES . . .

Vitamin B_6 may be the key.

What new research has revealed that may downgrade cholesterol as the main predisposing factor . . . and why.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: *Dr. Leonard Hayflick, a member of our Editorial Board, is Senior Research Cell Biologist at Children's Hospital Medical Center, Oakland, California. He is a leading authority on the biology of aging and has won several major awards for his research in this field. In 1961 he discovered a new micro-organism that causes a common form of human pneumonia. He is the author of 150 scientific research papers and books and is presently the editor of several scientific journals.*

—Richard Stanton

Nearly one million Americans will die this year from vascular diseases, that is, those diseases of the arteries that cause heart attacks and strokes. What is more, about 28 million people are already afflicted by vascular diseases. For comparison, this year, a third of a million people will die of cancer, and one hundred thousand from accidents.

It may not be too surprising to learn that vascular disease is the major killer. After all, the heart beats about 100,000 times a day while pumping 4300 gallons of blood through vessels that, if laid end to end, would circle the earth twice! There is certainly sufficient opportunity for something to go wrong.

What is going wrong is that the old causes of death in our youth, mainly infectious diseases, have been largely conquered and we are now living long enough to encounter vascular diseases. We have been advised to protect ourselves by avoiding smoking, sedentary habits, hypertension and high cholesterol diets. But none of these no-no's alone, or together, guarantee a healthy vascular system. Something may be wrong with this "conventional wisdom" and an important new theory

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Stephen R. Elek, M.D. On "The Hurry-up Disease." Why it may be a key factor that triggers heart attacks as early as age 40.

If you sit at a desk all day . . . How to avoid a Pot-Belly and Double-Chin (or get rid of them for good!)

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Linus Pauling, Ph.D.: On Vitamin C and Cancer. Recent studies show that vitamin C has a large life-extending effect for patients with advanced cancer and suggest a similar large effect for earlier stages of the disease.

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Letters

I've Got Plenty of Nothin'

Daniel Dyer's portrait of today's middle-school children ["Can We Survive the Class of 1984?" Sept. 28] was charmingly accurate. That he is able to maintain his composure while documenting the appalling state of ignorance which prevails among the young today is admirable—perhaps too admirable. For while it is touching to see our children depicted thus affectionately, it is disturbing at the same time. Sure, they are our children and we love them, but Dyer has broached a subject far more complex than his somewhat simplistic solution encompasses.

Surely if Dyer is correct, and our society is failing to transmit its cultural heritage to the young, something more drastic than simply "accepting" them as they are is in order. Many schools, for example, are returning to a more traditional curriculum—a promising step. Indeed, if we do love our children, we owe it to them not to "accept" their ignorance and rootlessness.

Carol Quackenbos
Evanston, Ill.

The Good Fight

"Down and Out in the American Embassy" by Kevin Lynch [Aug. 31] documents yet another case of an injustice crying out for retribution. It makes us feel entitled, indeed compelled, to attempt to help the unfortunate citizens of oppressive nations to resist. Our attempts, alas, begin to fail more and more often as our influence in the world declines.

Arthur B. Brown
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Surprise

Grover Rees's rejoinder to James J. Kilpatrick [June 22] has some persuasive points to make, particularly on the history of legal attitudes toward abortion. His treatment of the complications of illegitimacy and deformity, on the other hand, is superficial and surprising. True, "a wide range of private and public actions" can be undertaken to alleviate problems created by these conditions, but there are costs involved. Where public aid is given —for example, for child welfare support or extraordinary medical care—is it fair to ask parents to surrender in taxes what might enable them to have another child of their own or to better care for and educate those they have already? And Mr. Rees's suggestion that public attitudes toward legitimacy be changed is ominous. Increased permissiveness in sexual mores, always a goal of secular rationalism, is certainly one of the principal encouragements to uncritical acceptance of abortion on demand. Diminished personal restraint and diminished respect for the individual evolve together.

W. Dain Oliver
Newton Highlands, Mass.

Three Cheers for Conservation

You have indeed delighted this long-time reader of NATIONAL REVIEW by publishing "Three Cheers for the Snail Darter," by James L. Buckley [Sept. 14].

I still cherish James Buckley's article from the *NR Bulletin* six years ago this summer, discoursing on the set of blinders which conservatives tend to wear when they give thought to matters conservationist.

James Buckley's opinion in this regard directly parallels my own. On the assumption that the editors do not entirely share that opinion, let me congratulate them for publishing his article.

Arthur B. McComb
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Worth Every Penny

Given the constraints under which our representative system works, Congress has not done as badly as Jack Solomon claims ["Billion Dollar Bumpers," Sept. 14].

The worst showing is the fuel economy program. When energy was cheap, big cars ruled the road. With energy prices increasing, Americans are rationally, voluntarily, choosing smaller, more economical vehicles. The CAFE mileage requirements may be viewed as instruments to "help" the market along. But "downsizing" would not be an issue today if the government were not trying so hard, through other policies, to keep energy prices artificially low.

Air pollution is what economists call a "negative externality." Drivers do not pay for the damage they cause. Only governments can deal with this kind of thing. Congress had two alternatives: emissions regulations, or emissions taxes. In theory the tax is preferable, but the administrative burden of keeping records on a hundred million automobiles and their owners is mind boggling. They made the right choice.

The most controversial area is that of safety standards. After all, a consumer who desires safety can buy it in the market without making you and me pay for it too. Or can he? For example, before the government wrote safety standards, ignition keys were placed directly in front of drivers' knees, a perfect location for

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inflicting crippling injuries in even modest accidents. The question is not whether, but how much government action is justified.

This complex web of regulation did not spring up overnight or without reason. For Solomon to label the whole thing "billion-dollar bumpers" is a cheap way to defame those benignly utilitarian devices. I like them.

Stephen St. Marie
Washington, D.C.

Whither Chrysler?

A Chrysler bailout, such as *NR* suggests ["The Week," Aug. 31], is neither just nor prudent. Sure, if government regulation did Chrysler in, there is no justice in its stockholders' and workers' suffering. But who should, in justice, bear the loss? Though one wishes the common law right to redress against aggression would be applied against the politicians responsible, this cannot be expected. Indeed such culprits are judgment proof. All the more so were all the victims of government regulation to be compensated.

But *NR* suggests the taxpayer bear the loss—no doubt the ultimate application of the deep pocket rule. What is the justice in that? Victims should be compensated at the expense of aggressors, not by making more victims out of innocent bystanders.

There is strong evidence that Chrysler made many business errors which explain its losses. Can anyone separate business error from excess government regulation in determining guilt? For *NR* to suggest a bailout in the present highly ambiguous case makes it hard to imagine that they would turn any failing firm away. One argument for a principled approach is that we are incompetent to judge on a case-by-case basis—as *NR* has proven. Also, it is the height of naïveté to think that aid could be given without strings, *NR*'s goal for the Right. This will only tend to convince the public that *NR* believes in the simplistic notion that what's good for business is good for America.

WFB's dissent is not thoroughgoing enough. He assumes Chrysler is guilty of mismanagement, arguing that to aid those who fail a market test would be to subsidize horse-drawn carriages. He may *mean* that even if it is a victim, Chrysler should not be taxpayer subsidized, but all his examples refer to firms incompetent to serve consumers.

John Kunze
New York, N.Y.

Teddy the Invincible

William Buckley states ["On the Right," Aug. 3] there is a good "reason Republicans should argue the case for Mr. Kennedy's nomination" now, namely, "to defeat Senator Kennedy . . . while we can."

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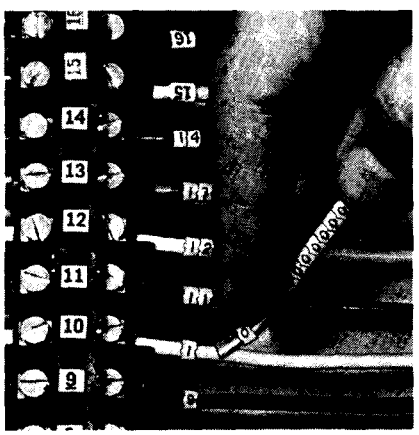

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I believe the premise of that argument—"we can defeat Kennedy now"—is open to dispute, and the line of reasoning (that we should contest Kennedy in a presidential election) is mistaken.

I, too, fear a Kennedy Presidency. But if he is nominated, which Republican candidate can we say with certainty will beat him? Nothing is certain, you say? Then why open ourselves to the risk of chance determining the issue? We might defeat Kennedy, and that is not good enough reason to hazard the fight. Our goal should be to keep an opponent powerful enough to possibly beat us from entering the ring, if we can.

In this regard, why should we not remember Chappaquiddick? It is an effective counter to some of the media hype that is now burgeoning in the Senator's non-campaign, because it casts doubt on his strength of character and thus the viability of his principles, whatever we may think of these.

Howard W. Sitton
New York, N.Y.

Lost Sheep

Thanks, thanks for Mr. Daniel Oliver's "Counting the Sheep" [Aug. 31]. Wonderful for reading aloud, wonderful for contemplation, wonderful for strengthening the hopes of the faithful!

Mary Elizabeth Campbell
New York, N.Y.

Daniel Oliver expresses surprise that our clergy have failed to count their sheep before pushing the revised Episcopal Prayer Book. They have indeed counted them. But they do not feel at ease with Elizabethan English, with those who value it, or with a God who must be addressed as "Thou." They are quite willing to make a clean sweep of all of these, if necessary, preferring a Unitarian type of philosophy while retaining the pomp, trappings and clerical prestige of Episcopalianism. The fact that these relics of the Church just don't match with a liturgy which reminds one of an earnest college freshman paraphrasing Shakespeare escapes them. Perhaps the church is no longer able to attract the brightest and the best to the clergy.

The future of the church is not, I think, in doubt. The important question is whether it is important for the intellectually inclined layman to be influenced by Chrisitianity, and if so, where is he going to get his instruction?

Mrs. F. G. Martinez
Fort Collins, Colo.

Where Are They Now?

Avraam Isaakovich Shifrin, a former political prisoner in the Soviet Union now living in Israel, writes in his book *Chetvertoye Izmereniye* (*The Fourth Dimen-*

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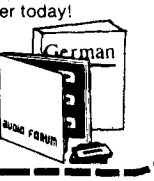

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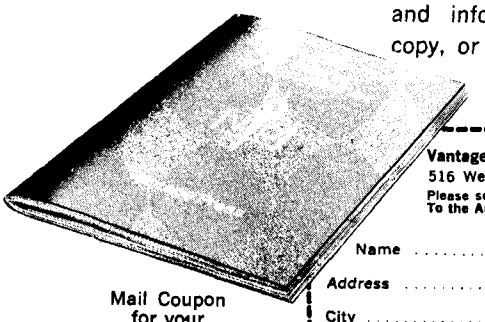

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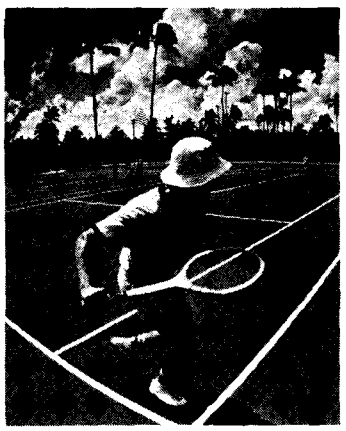

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sion, published in 1973 in Russian by the Possev publishing company of Frankfurt/Main, West Germany), on page 351, that Raoul Wallenberg ["The Last of the Pimpernels," by Lennart Frantzell, Aug 17] is located in one of two special prisons that hold "tens of thousands of people who were kidnapped from Europe" for a variety of reasons during and after World War II.

These two prisons are located on Schmidt Island and on Wrangel Island in the Arctic Ocean.

Raoul Wallenberg is being held on one of these islands, but the prison authorities have changed his name to "Raks" to conceal his identity. Although Mr. Shifrin himself was never on either of these islands, he did talk to another prisoner who had been there and had seen Wallenberg.

Mike Sylwester
Hillcrest Heights, Md.

Taking Sides

After their recent meeting in Cuba, the self-styled non-aligned nations ["The Week," Sept. 28] made clear that their non-alignment is a ridiculous farce. They should henceforth be known as the "Union of Soviet Socialist Non-Aligned Republics."

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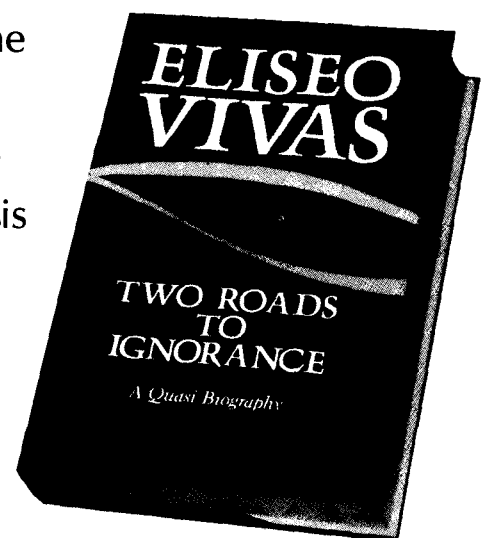

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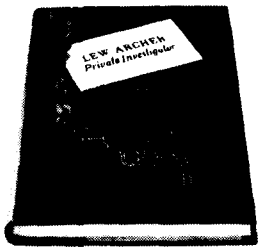

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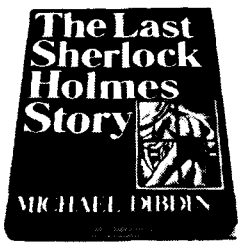

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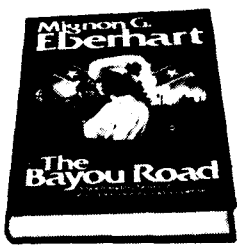

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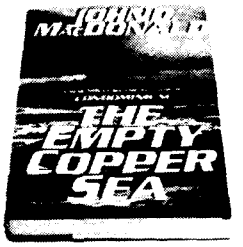

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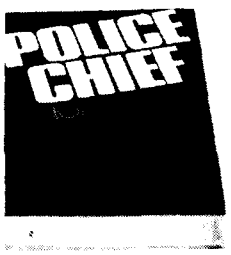

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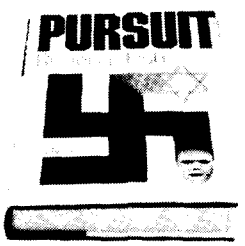

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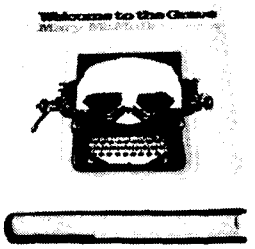

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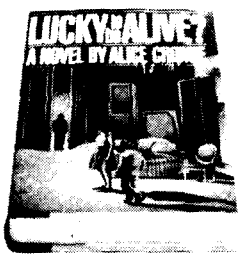

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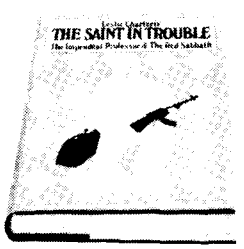

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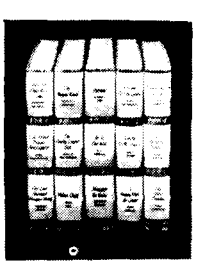

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FOR THE RECORD

■ All in all, a pretty good week for **Ronald Reagan**. The thinking had been that a **Kennedy** candidacy would spur the **Connally** campaign (if the Democrats run Kennedy the Republicans will need a charismatic leader—that kind of thing), but the Connally boom failed to materialize. . . . A *Detroit News* poll of nearly 1,400 GOP **county chairmen** showed 56 per cent think Reagan will be nominated, and 44 per cent think he'll be elected. Only 23 per cent think Connally will be the nominee. Said **Robert Teeter**, who conducted the poll, "They [these results] don't say he's unbeatable. But God, is he strong. It would take a major turn of events for another candidate to pass him." . . . In New Hampshire, a private poll of his own constituents conducted by Republican Cong. **James Cleveland** gives Reagan 38 per cent of the vote, to 17 for **Gerald Ford**, 12 for **Baker**, 11 for **Bush**, 10 for Connally. . . . In addition, Reagan is now assured of all of the votes of the California delegation to the Republican convention; his forces rammed through ratification of the winner-take-all proviso.

■ All in all, another bad week for **Jimmy Carter**. A *U.S. News* poll of Democratic National Committee members shows that 53 per cent think Kennedy would carry their states if the vote were today, only 30 think Carter would win. . . . This was in part offset by a *Christian Science Monitor* poll of ninety **Democratic congressmen** that found 63 still in Carter's camp, 17 in Kennedy's, the balance undecided. . . . The Carter strategy has been to paint Kennedy, when he finally surfaces, as a radical, out of tune with the country; but Kennedy shows no signs of letting himself be boxed in. Sen. **Edmund Muskie**, of the powerful Senate Budget Committee, says Kennedy's recent vote for a $3.6 billion cut in domestic spending "suggests to me he realizes there is a center." . . . In an earlier interview with **Evans & Novak** Kennedy confirmed that he would move right. . . . Meanwhile, however, Kennedy's blossoming campaign is proving wildly upsetting to Gov. **Jerry Brown**. He has been having such trouble raising money that some Brown insiders believe he may be forced out before the first primary.

Jon, *London Daily* Rothco

"It's the format for our proposed newspaper."

■ The feeling on the Hill is that **SALT II** is in desperate shape, with the momentum now running against ratification. . . . Gerald Ford's statement that its present ratification would be "a clear and present danger to our national security" didn't help, as didn't Sen. **Frank Church**'s decision to hold up hearings in the Foreign Relatic Committee until after the Soviet b gade in Cuba has been moved out. . Now Sens. **Henry Jackson** (D.) a **Jake Garn** (R.) plan to bring out minority report disputing the finding the Senate Intelligence Committee th the SALT agreements are "verifiabl (see also Lev Navrozov's article, 1287). . . . For the record, the eig Republican senators who voted agair a 5 per cent hike in the defense budg last week were: **Henry Bellmon, Jol Chafee, Mark Hatfield, Jacob Javi Nancy Kassebaum, Charles Mathi** and **Lowell Weicker**.

■ Red flag entries: Four southea Asian countries, the **Philippines, Th land, Indonesia**, and **Malaysia**, have r fused Soviet requests that two vess of the Red Navy make goodwill vis in their ports. . . . President **Dacko** the Central African Republic repo that Soviet arms had been pouring in the country before the coup whi brought him to power, some of the through Libya. . . . The United N tions Commissioner for Refugees r ports another thirty thousand **Ethi pians** have joined the 270,000 oth refugees who have fled Ethiopia sin the Soviet-supported coup that broug Col. **Mengistu** to power. . . . And tl Soviet diplomatic satellization of tl Caribbean and Central America co tinues apace. Among the nations th supported Russia in the UN vote c Cambodia's seat: **Grenada, Guyana, J maica, Nicaragua, Panama, Cuba.**

■ "It seems hardly possible," writ *Washington Post* columnist **Ellen Goo man**, "that it was more than thr years ago that Jimmy Carter first pr claimed that Life Isn't Fair. Of cours at the time, most of us thought he w describing a condition, not a goal."

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THE WEEK

■ Now it can be told. A veteran Air Force One pilot, Ralph Albertazzie, recalls in *People* magazine that Harry Truman "had a running feud with Senator Robert Taft, the Ohio Republican. Every time Truman flew over that state he'd go to the bathroom, flush the toilet, and order Hank Myers, the pilot, to dump it." Truman never consulted Congress about the secret bombing, but he destroyed the state's Republican infrastructure. Not to mention Lake Erie.

■ "An angry" President Carter has told House leaders that if congressmen keep voting against his programs, he is going to use the full prestige and influence of the White House to retaliate. Several hundred congressmen immediately joined the anti-Carter ranks.

■ On September 25 the House of Representatives voted a pay increase for members of Congress and about twenty thousand federal spenders. The increase works out to 5.652 per cent; the roll call vote was 208 to 203, Democrats favoring it by 1.7 to 1, Republicans opposing by 2.5 to 1. In previous votes, on a 7 per cent increase, passage was approved twice by voice vote but rejected when the roll was called and the bank's cameras, as it were, stood ready to identify the fingers in the till. The Senate being sure to go along, congressional salaries now rise from $57,500 to $60,700, pretty fairly reflecting the increased productivity of the Federal Government in its various fields of endeavor—fleeing from the enemy abroad, hacking away at the dollar (got rid of another 10 per cent of purchasing power this year), stomping on American productivity (docked it 3 per cent), pouring silt into the channels of commerce (red tape up 20 per cent), telling li'l ole white lies, and spending (up 10 per cent). The argument, so far as it goes, is that the Co gress works hard and should be paid. But it will not to ignore the nature and quality of the work. Suppo you hire a man to cultivate your garden eight hours day and find him, instead, working 16 hours a day va dalizing your residence?

■ The UN Secretariat—respectable and not-so-respec able right-wingers warned throughout the Fifties—h become a nest of spies. Pooh-pooh, replied Elean Roosevelt, fresh from deliberating Human Rights wi Andrei Vishinsky—the UN is a meeting place of hig minds and great souls, dedicated to world peace ar brotherhood. Now Arkady Shevchenko, former Und Secretary General of the United Nations, admits that th UN is . . . a nest of spies. Soviet UN employees, sa Shevchenko in a BBC interview in London, "totally di regard" their pledge of loyalty to the organization. KG agents on the staff of the UN include the chief of Unite Nations personnel in Geneva, and a special assistant Kurt Waldheim. New York has become "the most in portant base of all Soviet intelligence operations in th world. . . . Soviet intelligence officers have become Trojan horse behind the wall of the United Nations. United Nations officials in New York declined specif comment, though one remarked that since Shevchenk had not "lived up to the rules of his office [by ceasir to spy?] . . . we have to take what he said with a gre deal of care."

■ At the Episcopal Church's Convention in Denver, th most significant battle waged was over retaining the use the traditional, 1928 Prayer Book. There was no orga nized opposition to the adoption of the new prayer bool and consequently it was adopted over only a few protest But there was extensive lobbying on behalf of the 192 Book, and as a result the Convention passed a resolutio authorizing its concurrent use. Although the action re ceived less media play than the vote on homosexua (disapproving their ordination) or the vote of a delega tion of Episcopal women not to endorse the Equal Righ Amendment, it is in fact more significant. It speaks t every man in every pew who prefers the traditional doc trine, discipline, and worship of the Episcopal Churcl And there is implicit in the action some rejection of th recent trendiness that has put the Episcopal Church i the news but has driven the people from the pews.

■ First the good news: the Soviet Union has suffered rebuff at the UN. Now the bad news: the form of th rebuff was the General Assembly's overwhelming (71 t 35, with 34 abstentions) vote to recognize the Pol Pc regime as representing the Cambodian people, eve though Pol Pot doesn't live there any more. (Come t think of it, neither do most of the Cambodian people. Vietnam, which occupies most of Cambodia, was the co

For Jimmy on Cuba

There's, "Kindly leave." That's formal.
  Then there's, "I wish you'd go."
You might try, "Oh, you're leaving?"—
  As if you didn't know.
"Git!" isn't diplomatic;
  "*Scram!*" savors of the street
But if they don't leave, *pronto*,
  You'll find you're obsolete.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

We can all remember those sharp turns in life's wandering ighway. The day we learned that our arents were always right. The day we iscovered that the rumors about sex ere all true. The day we found out hat rhetoric from the Chamber of ommerce, the Boy Scouts of America nd the Archdiocese of New York as perfectly sensible. And of course he day we came to believe that the econd biggest lie in the American lanuage is: "I'm from the Federal Govrnment and I'm here to help you."

It is both socially utilitarian and psyhologically necessary to have the lichés of our youth confirmed by adult xperience. Clichés are not easy to ome by: a cliché must stand the test f time, so to speak. To earn the intinctive distrust of its citizens, for intance, a government, especially a free- elected government, must compile a onsistent record of acting irresponsily, even wantonly. This our government as done. Its record is replete with ofenses against common sense, which re almost invariably offenses against he most enterprising and productive f its citizens.

This thought is occasioned by word hat the IRS is now prepared to move gainst something called the Underround Economy. A vivid phrase, that. t sounds sinister and antisocial—a ack of nocturnal rodents scampering hrough the sewers of modern life. To onserve precious petroleum-based ink, et's just call them rats. And who are hey, these rats? According to the IRS, hey are tax-evading Americans, inreasing in number and usually to be ound in self-employed occupations: mall businessmen, artists, writers, alesmen, architects, retailers, and such ike. These rats, according to the IRS, are not paying their full share of the nation's tax bill. Some of them, in the shadowy underworld, have moved into a bizarre and cashless society in which two or more rats exchange services in unrecorded transactions.

In some cases, charges the IRS, these off-the-book arrangements are disguised as "favors" passed between neighbors and friends. The IRS claims that it has documented cases in which one man will help a second man paint his house, after which the second man will then "borrow" the first man's vacation home. Gosh. In other cases, drawn from confidential IRS files, one man will fix a "friend's" electrical appliance and receive a tax-free home-cooked meal in return. As one can plainly see, these rats are ingenious. According to IRS spokesmen, deals of this sort are multiplying quickly. People are "helping" each other all over the country. The IRS feels impelled to move before the Underground Economy reaches epidemic proportions.

The IRS has now advanced a specific solution. Or to exercise minimal caution . . . it has turned over the first card. It says that the appropriate remedy (read: the beginning of the remedy): is to withhold 10 per cent from all payments due independent contractors (non-employees who provide services to firms and individuals on a fee or non-salary basis). By withholding tax payments at the source, the IRS argues, the government can prevent the slippage of tax monies into the Underground Economy, an abyss into which no bureaucrat wishes to tread. Once the principle of withholding is established, the thinking goes, the IRS will have the rats firmly by the tail.

And indeed they would. But, in the customary mode of modern government, they would by the same action inflict serious damage on unnoticed and pristinely innocent bystanders. For many of these rats are the people who drive the economy, the people who develop the new ideas and create the new jobs and build the new institutions which the IRS can then tax "efficiently." Many of these rats make use of independent contractors precisely because they can afford neither the time nor the money to hire full-time employees. (Independent contractors are not paid for down time and they arrive blessedly free of bureaucratic baggage. As a rule of thumb, a rat must fill out only one independent-contractor form for every eight employee forms. That is time and that is money.)

The purpose of the IRS campaign, manifestly, is to transfer its tax collection responsibilities to the rats, and especially to the small businessmen. The IRS has tacitly admitted its own failure and is turning for help to people in the private sector who can do the job. It will not be an attractive proposition for the rats—they are being asked to take on additional and unfamiliar responsibilities (and the concomitant risk of misfiling a form) without compensation—so the IRS will have to make it an offer nobody can refuse. A statute.

All of this begs a terrible question: if one were trying to bring the American economy to a grinding, screeching, British halt, what would one do? One could incite a nuclear war. One could pray to the God of Justice for catastrophic weather. Or one could shift heavy bureaucratic burdens from federal agencies onto the backs of private entrepreneurs. This last course would be politically painless—the entrepreneurs, by definition, have no Capital lobby. But in an era when it is increasingly difficult to find the pulse of American initiative, it would be a policy of economic madness. —CATO

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ebuffee. The vote is seen as expressing the Third World ıonchos' anxiety about invasion from neighboring uto- ıias: they favor self-determination the way George Wallace used to favor states' rights. The operative UN credo: ;enocide is no excuse for imperialism

■ Boat people, meet the balloon people. Two East German families soared over the watchtowers, mines, and machine guns in a balloon stitched together from sheets and held aloft by butane-heated air. The four adults and four children included an aircraft mechanic who directed the project—a primitive affair by most standards but under the circumstances a heroic feat: "Like crossing the Atlantic on a raft," according to West Germany's top balloonist. Under the Helsinki accords you're not supposed to have to be Houdini to enjoy freedom of emigration, but what the hell. Maybe SALT III can limit the number of balloons possessed by each side.

■ Good news for the Vashchenko family, who have

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spent over a year in the U.S. Embassy in Moscow hoping for asylum (see Kevin Lynch's account in *NR*, August 31): Soviet authorities will let them leave for the U.S. One little catch: they have to go by way of Siberia. That's where they came from, and Soviet officials—rigidly bound by Soviet legality, the cornerstone of Soviet freedoms—ask that they go home only just long enough to process their emigration forms. Even Aleksandr Vashchenko, currently doing time in a labor camp, will be allowed to join them. But the family is having none of it: rely on the word of those wonderful folks who gave you Helsinki? They'd probably do better in a makeshift balloon.

■ Here's the problem the Russians face in Afghanistan. They ousted fellow-traveler Taraki and put in hardliner Amin. But 23 of the 28 provinces of Afghanistan are war-torn with rebellions of various sorts, and Soviet arms, tanks, planes, military advisors, pilots, and artillerymen have not stilled the rebels. So what would? Soviet armed divisions, Czechoslovakia style. But the terrain is more difficult, and you would end with a proper little war, like Mussolini's against Albania. And that would blow to hell and gone the Soviet Union's feigned neutrality. The Third World Would Not Like. What the Third World likes and doesn't like doesn't greatly bother the Soviet Union, but to dust off the Brezhnev Doctrine at this subtle point in international diplomacy and launch a straight-out invasion of another country would prove, well, internationally thought-provoking. The Soviet Union has everything to fear from thought.

■ At a Washington party in his honor, Israel's Defense Minister Ezer Weizman got into a tiff with Harold Saunders, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and—whew!—South Asian Affairs. Subject: Israeli bombing of southern Lebanon. Weizman charged Saunders with making Israel "the villain in the Middle East." Saunders said the bombing had killed more innocents than Weizman admitted and wasn't a real policy. "Don't teach us what to do," snapped Weizman. "You lose everywhere. You lost Angola. And Iran and Ethiopia." Next day the two old friends were smiling for the press and assuring everyone that it was really nothing, folks, nothing. But some may wonder if a tough Israeli's perception of us, flashing from his cups, isn't worth more than reams of Authorized World Opinion, bound in calfskin.

■ It never snows in California? According to the latest allegations, Ham Jördan, enjoying his first sniff of power, attended four "licentious" parties in California in 1977, where he was seen snorting the girls, hitting Amaretto, and ascending the pyramids.

■ LOOK OUT BABY, JUST LOOK OUT DEPARTMENT. On September 23, a reporter asked John Connally ov WINS radio whether his projected presidential campaig against Teddy would be clean. Of course, said Connall What about the milk fund stuff, asked the reporter. Co nally's reply: "Milk fund scandal! Well, what about i I was tried and found not guilty. I never drowned an body. I wasn't kicked out of college for cheating. . . . The next day, Carter was campaigning in Queens. I answer to a question, our most prominent deacon r marked that "I don't think I panicked in a crisis." H didn't need instruction from the killer rabbit, but *N* now demands that all candidates forswear references t drowning, crises, water, bridges, automobiles, and lyin

Playing the Rosalynn Card

Under special circumstances, details tend to take on symbolic quality. It didn't matter that Gerald Ford wa the most athletic President since Teddy Roosevelt: For *stumbled*, he was *clumsy*. And, lo, he *was* clumsy, in venting a Polish bill of rights.

When the climate is right, details act like magnets attracting meanings from the surrounding field of sug gestion. Thus it has come to pass for Jimmy Carte Ever since the coup that overthrew him, Richard Nixo has been discreet, but even he could not resist observin that at least he had never been attacked by a Kille Rabbit. Then, absurdly participating in a cross-countr marathon—no Kennedyesque touch football for *him*— Carter *dropped out of the race*. Wonderful symbolism Then there are those damnable cocaine charges, and potential witness demanding immunity. Hamilton Jörda appears to be in actual trouble.

All of these details would be trivial if Carter had no achieved a historically unique condition of politica weightlessness. He is down to 19 per cent approval, h has bungled Cuba, SALT II, energy, and the economy leading Democrats are telling him publicly that he i wrong on national defense, and defections to Kenned have reached flood proportions. Numerous Democrat

Next Stop, St. Helena

Like Napoleon fighting with phantoms
Or George III as he suffered a spell,
Jimmy's plotting his ploys for November
While the public awaits a farewell.
He's been studying Harry S. Truman.
Boning up on that give-'em-hell prose.
Won't Ham, Jody, or Amy—or *someone*
Say he's weaving the emperor's clothes?

W. H. VON DREELI

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are obeying the first law of politics: when the ship begins to sink, join the rats.

Under these circumstances, the details inevitably become damagingly symbolic. Dropping out of the race becomes a *double entendre*. The killer rabbit ridiculously recalls Carter's now abandoned 1976 trademark, the toothy grin, very rabbitty. Everything hurts.

Small wonder, therefore, that Rosalynn Carter has moved into the foreground. She reportedly dominated the summer proceedings at Camp David. She is now touring the country, performing as a surrogate for the President, meeting the Pope in Boston. Mondale wanted that plum, by the way, but Mondale-for-President signals were floated, and Mondale went instead to Nowheresville, Panama, a poisonous assignment in every way. The Rosalynn card is a good one. She is tough and intelligent, and by her very manifestation calls attention to the fact that Kennedy has no matching card to play.

Kennedy has moved into an unprecedented political vacuum, but he differs from Carter in no substantive way. Kennedy is unlikely to prove politically invincible. He will mount a major effort in the October Florida caucuses, the first test, trying for a media success. But the nitty-gritty in Florida is that half the delegates to the state caucus are going to be pro-Carter, organization Democrats. The road to the nomination is going to be dusty and painful. Kennedy has now just about broken from cover, is almost in the clear. As he comes into national focus, those poll margins could vanish like the morning mist.

Weapons and Winning

Former President Ford took his stand on the SALT II treaty, in a full-page article opposite the editorial page of the *Washington Post*. Mr. Ford's position recalls former Secretary Kissinger's testimony in the early rounds of senatorial hearings—that the treaty must be ratified, if ratified at all, only after a determined build-up of American military strength.

America's strategic defense system, Mr. Ford argues, requires the following items in order to keep up with the Soviets: "We need an MX missile. We need a new strategic bomber. We need to accelerate the Trident program. . . . We need an air defense at least sufficient to prevent the Backfire bomber from counting on a free-ride attack on the United States. We need to modernize and enhance our strategic airlift capabilities. . . . And we need assured funding for research and development into the future. . . . The Joint Chiefs of Staff," Ford goes on, "have indicated that a 5 per cent real increase in the defense budget for at least the next five years is a minimum figure. I am prepared to accept and endorse that judgment."

Getting these programs through Congress, Ford admits, could postpone a vote on the treaty "until well into next year. But the delay will be proved worthwhile if ultimate ratification occurs at a time when we are certain of our strength again.

"I am against the treaty," Ford concludes, "unless the necessary defense spending decisions have been made and have been written into law. . . . We must be certain of our strength before we accept limits on it."

Ford's position can be criticized on several points. In stressing the conditions that must be fufilled if the treaty is to be passed, he scants the flaws which he admits the treaty contains. He touches only lightly on the problem of verification, and says nothing about Soviet cheating on the last SALT agreement. His attention to larger military questions, however, is necessary and welcome.

In the spirit of which, we offer the following in the hope of drawing attention to larger questions yet, which neither Mr. Ford nor Mr. Kissinger, still less President Carter and Secretary Vance, have mentioned.

"*Panic* over the enemy's superiority (real or supposed) in arms is not the antipodes but the twin of *complacency* over one's own arms predominance. The common parent of both attitudes is vulgar materialism. . . .

"In these postwar years the Soviet Union has won victories hardly precedented in world history, although during this entire period it has been inferior in the decisive categories of material arms—absolutely inferior during the first half dozen years. When the Communists, because of the United States monopoly of nuclear weapons, found themselves wholly outmatched in material power, they did not slump into panic or hysteria. They bypassed the weapons, and mounted their thrust against the men who made them and the men who controlled their use. They paralyzed the will of the opponent who had the superior weapons. . . .

"Naturally everyone wants to be better armed than the enemy, and thereby to keep the material odds as favorable to us as we can manage. But the biggest pile of chips can't guarantee our winning . . . Superiority in arms and in other forms of material wealth is most certainly a danger if it becomes a substitute for purpose, will, and policy.

"These are not mere loose abstractions, but principles most specifically related to the hard strategic problems of our contest with the Soviet Union—a contest that is, of course, a desperate struggle for survival. The outcome is not going to be decided by missiles or space platforms, but by whether we succeed in beginning the disintegration of their world before they complete the disintegration of ours" (James Burnham, *National Review*, January 25, 1958).

Change "superiority" in the last sentence of the third paragraph to "sufficiency," and it might have been written yesterday.

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Crumbling Dollar

There was a time in the 1960s when economists talked about the dollar problem—which meant that Europeans couldn't get their hands on enough dollars to meet their economies' needs for American equipment and know-how. Today there is still a dollar problem, only the meaning has changed. Now it means that Europeans have more dollars than they want, and the process of unloading them has driven the dollar's exchange value lower and lower. In the 1960s an American could get about 4.3 Swiss francs or West German marks for his dollar. Today he gets 1.57 and 1.76 respectively.

The fall of the dollar reached crisis proportions last fall and produced the November package to save it. The most important part of the package was Washington's pledge to Europeans of domestic monetary restraint. Everyone recognized that the way to make the dollar more valuable is to reduce the rate at which new ones are printed at home.

For a few months last winter it looked as if money growth was down, but its growth since spring has been higher than during the period of the previous crisis. Since Paul Volcker took over as Federal Reserve chairman in August, the news has been full of talk of monetary restraints. It is true that interest rates are rising, but the money supply figures show anything but restraint. Mr. Volcker's first six weeks at the spigot produced an acceleration of money growth. As the monetarists have said for years, it does no good to raise interest rates on the one hand and pump out money on the other. But that is Mr. Volcker's policy so far, and the result is that another run on the dollar is gathering in the wings.

The next dollar crisis could mean the end of the dollar's international role and the re-monetization of gold. European central banks are no longer willing to import our inflation by printing more of their own currencies with which to support the dollar by buying surplus dollars in the foreign exchange markets. As the dollar depreciates, the Arabs can be expected to require payment for their oil in a basket of currencies rather than entirely in dollars as now. Since an important part of the demand for dollars is to pay oil bills, this would reduce the demand for dollars—leaving a big supply overhang in the market that would further drive down the dollar's exchange value. Faced with more and more funny money, the Arabs would probably require partial payment in gold.

In fact, they are doing much the same thing already. Over the last month the price of gold jumped $100 an ounce. Arabs converting dollars into gold are responsible for the rapid price rise that swept gold past $300 an ounce to just under $400. Whether the Arabs require payment in gold and other currencies or convert into them as soon as they are paid in dollars makes little difference. The fact is that years of economic mismanagement in Washington have made the rest of the worl increasingly unwilling to hold dollar-denominated assets Foreigners are simply no longer willing to help Washington finance its deficits by buying its bonds.

Faced with a flight from the dollar, Washington ha turned to an International Monetary Fund plan in whic foreigners would turn in their unwanted dollars for new funny money called Special Drawing Rights. Bu judging from the reaction in the precious-metals mar kets, this plan to change the color of paper money ha sent people scrambling to get hold of hard money.

A Tale of Two Empires

Jean-Bedel Bokassa, former emperor and sergeant i the French army, was not quite brutal on the scale o Idi Amin, or Equatorial Guinea's Nguema Masie, tw other recently deposed African tyrants; but he wa flagrant enough. After seizing power in the Central Afri can Republic in 1965, he ruled fairly calmly for 1 years, occasionally inviting his cabinet to watch hin beat criminals. He decorated himself with medals, an ordered an extra-long jacket to hold them. When thes palled, he crowned himself emperor in a ceremony cost ing $20 million. Carriage horses imported from Franc died in the heat. He arrested unsympathetic newsmer and killed a hundred schoolchildren who refused to bu a new uniform he had ordered them to wear. When th Organization of African Unity began to investigate, h killed forty teachers who had witnessed the firs slaughter. He struck René Journiac, Valery Giscar d'Estaing's chief aide for African Affairs, with a cane and hung up on the French president when he calle to complain.

Giscard did not call twice. Six weeks later, eight hun dred French troops flew in from Chad, where they hac been brokering a civil war. David Dacko, a cousin o Bokassa's and a former president of the Central Africa Republic, flew in from Gabon to become president onc again, forestalling a coup by a Cuban protegé in Benin "We were counting first and foremost on our gooc French friends," the new president said. French aid— briefly terminated when Bokassa became intolerable— will be resumed, as will French trade: 15 per cent o the Central African Republic's uranium, according to a agreement signed in 1975, is to be developed by th French Atomic Energy Commission (the commission' financial advisor at the time having been another well placed cousin, Valery Giscard d'Estaing's).

If the French operation resembles an imperial crack down on a wayward local chief in the days of the white man's burden, that is because it was. The forms of em pire have adapted to the time: the tricolor has given way to a dozen local flags; economic relations are con ducted under the guise of foreign trade; native rulers enjoy a greater leeway, speaking at the UN, hiring Libyan bodyguards, and even calling themselves em-

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perors if they wish. But if they strike Frenchmen, or do their killing in public, they are soon reminded who the real emperors are.

Rhodesia

Here, you can forget about the fine print. The bottom line is the stability of the regime, and that's what the current London talks are all about.

Without its white population, Rhodesia can kiss its future goodbye. The question at stake in the London talks could be put thus: Just how much can you erode the incentives for whites to remain in Rhodesia? Guerrilla leaders Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo would reduce those incentives to nil. Incumbent Prime Minister Abel Muzorewa thinks that he can reduce them somewhat, formally, while winking at the whites back home.

The entire situation is riddled, as the Marxists would say, with "contradictions." Mugabe and Nkomo recognize that the war is not going well; their troops are not Vietnamese. Guerrilla backers in Mozambique and Zambia are growing restive, and Muzorewa could bring Zambia to its knees economically with a phone call terminating its rail link to Mozambique and the sea. But any desire on the part of Mugabe and Nkomo for a settlement in London runs counter to Soviet interests. Without Soviet backing, both Mugabe and Nkomo would be selling pencils. And the Soviets do not desire stability in that region.

From the British perspective, the game has several aspects. One of them is called Nigeria, spelled o-i-l. But Prime Minister Thatcher faces mutinous sentiments over Rhodesia among her own MPs. She needs a way out of this one, and the clock is running.

Sing Along with Yasir

"The meetings between Arafat and the SCLC leaders were so warm and friendly—at one point, they joined in singing the civil rights anthem, 'We Shall Overcome' —that even a simultaneous PLO restaurant bombing in Israel, which killed two persons and wounded fifty others, failed to dampen the spirit of camaraderie."

Thus James Wieghart of the *New York Daily News*, on the starkest irony of the courting of Arafat. "We Shall Overcome" used to be associated with the victims, not the perpetrators, of ambush bombings.

The black leaders have insisted on the need for "talking" with Arafat. Singing with him may seem a bit much. But it is too late now. The babes are deep in the woods.

The Lowery-Jackson line is that you have to talk with the PLO because it is there, like Mount Everest. Jesse Jackson, of the modestly named People United to Save Humanity, confides that Arafat will let him know in a week or so whether he will adopt nonviolence—presumably as an occasional supplement to violence. In any case, the rationale for Talking With Him doesn't depend on its bearing fruit. Arafat will still be There. The black leaders have only trapped themselves; it is they, now, who can't afford to say anything rending to the new solidarity. They need Arafat more than he needs them.

The PLO connection has proved an enormous *succès de scandale* for blacks. Low even on the liberal priority scale, they have needed a publicity-grabber. This is it. Every black ward heeler in sight is announcing his own Middle East Peace Initiative. The media come a-running; the rabbis helpfully rage against it; the pol suddenly looks terrifically global, and the folks back home are impressed by the stature of their man. How can they, come election day, vote a citizen of the world out of office?

Cuban Mess

The brute facts are as follows. The Soviets have had thousands of "advisors" in Cuba for twenty years performing various functions. Recently, however, changes have been made in structure and mission. The new Soviet presence involves not a "brigade" of two to three thousand combat troops, but up to ten thousand. They are involved in coordinating with and training Cuban troops in jungle warfare. This is a logical next move in the Soviet imperialist enterprise. Such warriors will show up in Rhodesia, Nicaragua, or anywhere else deemed vulnerable. The Administration has known about all this since December 1978 but, at that time, chose to . . . forget about it.

No doubt the Administration feared for SALT II if this business saw the light of day. Ineptly, the Administration assumed that it wouldn't surface. But the lapse goes far beyond SALT considerations. It involves a whole set of assumptions about Soviet intentions, assumptions that involve technology and grain transfers to the Soviets, and have as their premise Soviet "restraint."

Unbelievably, though the Administration plainly knew what was going on as early as December, nothing was done until last March, when the CIA was asked for more information. Within a few weeks, the White House had the bad news. Soviet combat troops were being rotated through Cuba for aggressive purposes elsewhere. Detente was as dead as the Helsinki accords on human rights.

Opening itself to imminent political rape, the White House again said nothing. Political ineptitude on this scale is surely unprecedented.

Not much time had elapsed before Senators Stone

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and Church did their thing. Church, now in a tough re-election fight in conservative Idaho—he is widely considered "gone"—re-feathered himself as a hawk on Cuba. The interests of Church and Carter have ceased to coincide. Senator Stone comes from Florida, which has a large Cuban population. Carter desperately needs Florida, as early as the state caucuses next month. Does anyone at the White House have any overall conception of the dynamics of the issue, either in national presidential terms or in its world arena significance?

Apparently not. The Soviets have protected their options. They can continue to use Cuba as a training center, preparatory to projecting their power imperially over palm and pine. Or they could be "magnanimous." They could be nice to the crippled Carter, conducting a cosmetic withdrawal as a peace-SALT move. For that, Carter would have to pay a price.

By its stunning ineptitude, the White House thus managed to place itself at the mercy of both ambitious Democrats at home and the mortal enemies of freedom abroad.

Race, IQ, Equality?

The Civil Rights Act of 1964 mandated a report on equality in educational opportunity, and in 1966 the now famous Coleman Report was made public, much to the consternation of its godfathers, for it demonstrated that the scholastic achievement of students had little to do with the quality of the schools they attended.

Three years later Professor Arthur Jensen, an educational psychologist at the University of California in Berkeley, published an article in the *Harvard Educational Review* quoting IQ scores that tended to show that the gap of 15 points between the blacks and whites tested did not result from cultural or environmental factors, but was of genetic origin.

The Coleman and Jensen studies kicked up a lot of dust, most of it swirling around the charge that the IQ tests were loaded in favor of whites. Now Jensen has returned to the arena with a big book, *Bias in Mental Testing*, in which he displays results that confute the old charges.

Do whites do better simply because they have larger vocabularies? Jensen shows that blacks do slightly better on strictly verbal tests.

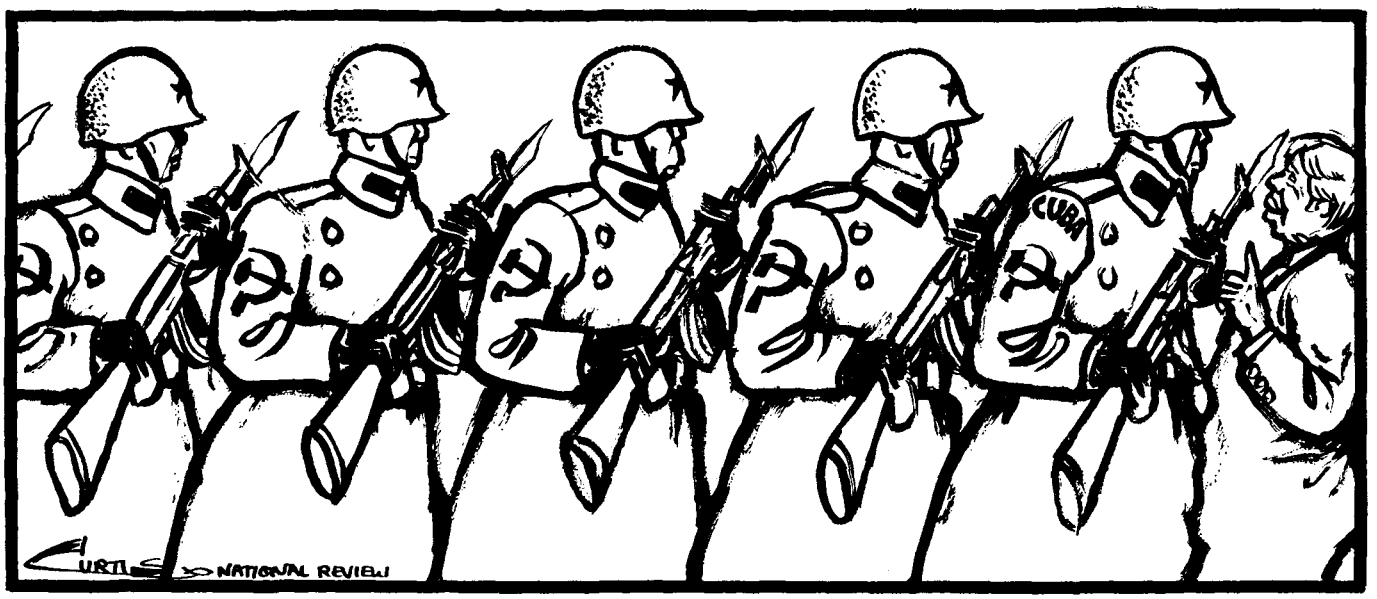
Do whites do better because the tests reflect "white culture"? Jensen shows how blacks do better on "culture-loaded" tests than on tests that expunge all reference to middle-class white life.

Do whites do better simply because the tests are concocted by whites? Jensen shows that the Japanese translation of the (U.S.) Wechsler Intelligence Scale for Children produced an interesting result: Japanese schoolchildren outdistanced American whites by six points.

Do blacks underperform because they are further down the socio-economic ladder? Jensen quotes the results of tests given to blacks and whites from equal socioeconomic backgrounds. Whites ahead by twelve points.

Two conclusions present themselves to the heart of the earnest inquirer. First, after 25 years of turmoil and disruption caused by *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, there is no evidence to show that the agonies of a generation of parents, teachers, and students have led to any measurable improvement in the situation *Brown* was intended to ameliorate.

Second, the use of IQ tests is probably overdone. Jensen himself would prefer to see them, in schools, used only to identify the exceptionally gifted student



"Let's just say I'm not satisfied with the status quo."

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who has otherwise gone unnoticed. This point was stressed years ago in these pages (see "The Tortured Search for the Cause of Inequality," *NR*, February 16, 1973) by Ernest van den Haag.

IQ disparities, in the central registers, don't signify very much, and are not the obvious pillars of any particular public educational or social policies.

Right Stuff

Tom Wolfe has been something special on the cultural scene for, lo, at least 15 years. He rose to prominence as a satirist of the manners of the Sixties, but his satire bit deep. He not only made it impossible any more to decorate your party with a Black Panther; he made a certain kind of cultural politics embarrassing.

In his new book *The Right Stuff*, which *NR* will in due course be reviewing, Wolfe has done an interesting, new, and important thing. Most great satirists are effective when on attack. When Pope or Swift and their friends lecture us on what they *like*—truth, beauty, moderation, civic spirit—the audience nods yes and heads for the exits.

But Wolfe makes what he likes not only interesting but compelling. His test pilots and astronauts are complicated and intensely human—ambitious, jealous, funny, cerebral, conniving, sensual. Collectively, however, they exhibit "the right stuff." They are courageous, professional, patriotic. They insist on a human superiority over machines. They are winners, not losers; and they know the difference.

There's a lot more to be said about this book, but it's an event. Its creation and its reception mark a cultural turning.

Sporting Scene

Big Laugh Department. According to reporter Seymour Freiden of the Hearst London bureau, three high-level KGB operatives have been appointed to the Soviet Olympic Committee and instructed to oversee fair play at the 1980 Moscow Games. These officials were appointed by KGB director Yuri Andropov. One of them, Anatoly Gresko, was expelled from England in 1971 for espionage, along with 104 other Soviet agents posing as "trade representatives." Another new Olympic official, Semyon Nitkin, was Kim Philby's KGB controller. Also aboard the Soviet Olympic Committee is V. I. Popov, who has sent numerous dissidents to the Gulag and to psychiatric hospitals.

Butter and Butter. For the 1980 Olympic Games, Freiden reports, the Soviets are negotiating for 75,000 tons of butter, and insisting on a price of fifty cents per pound. Butter in West Europe sells for around $1.50 per pound. The Soviets are also demanding that half the butter be fresh, not frozen, so they can claim that it's fresh off their collective farms.

Olympic Spirit Department. East German Olympic swimming star Renate Vogel has defected to the West. She said that from the age of 14 she had been so severely drugged that she still suffers from medical problems. "You don't know what is being tried out," she said, "what ingredients there are in the food, what is being injected. You cannot take a stand against it."

On to Moscow for the greater glory of athletics and for the Olympic spirit.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

While I presume that the graffito is not your favorite form of literary expression, I thought that the enclosed might be of interest to you. It can be found—provenance is important to serious graffito collectors, you understand—in the basement men's room of the Art Museum, University of California, Berkeley.

Regards,
John Quick
Berkeley, Calif.

"One cultural phenomenon I found particularly interesting exists in Berkeley—where the innumerable dogs roaming the streets possess such peculiarly human qualities of character that the two-footed denizens of the city have not only adopted their manners and customs, but even resemble them in the smallest details of appearance."

■ Dear Bill:

If I could think of anything worse to say about Mr. Griffin's exercise in confusion in "Notes & Asides" [Jan 21] I would say it. I write in the present instance in the capacity of one of those readers whose comments, you say, are so welcome.

Well, my comments will be brief. Mr. Griffin does not comprehend a) the meaning of the word "conservative"; b) the purpose for which *NR* was established—that the fulfillment of said purpose, that and that alone, has, over the years, evoked the sustaining enthusiasm of its hard core of supporters; c) that "color" and "excitement" may be found just about anywhere—a zoo, for example, or, same thing, San Francisco, watching the monkeys copulate—but that what is consistently found in the pages of *NR* cannot be found anywhere else, which is to

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say, a dialogue among conservatives and a response by conservatives to the tin thunder of the Zeitgeist drums than which there is no more ubiquitous noise; d) the necessary distinctions to be made between an organ of constant purpose and "a unilateral broadsheet"; e) that a *debate* is something which transpires between, say, Willmoore Kendall and Frank Meyer, and *not* between Gloria Steinem and anybody; and, finally, f) that one's liking for Bach and preferences regarding vermouth are tastes, not principles.

The time when the editors of *NR* gaze into the starry vast and orient their editorial compass to Mr. Griffin's "drinking gourd" is the night before the day *NR* goes down to keep company with the witless fishes.

With best regards,
Neil G. Barclay
Salt Lake City, Utah

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Can you stand one more round of palindromes? I ran across these in Brendan Gill's *Here at the New Yorker*:

"Several years ago, [Roger] Angell and the Scots poet Alastair Reid, then a frequent contributor to the magazine, waged a fierce battle of palindromes. Not for them such short-winded trifles as 'A man, a plan, a canal: Panama' or 'Rats live on no evil star.' The well-matched contestants fought on, month after month. Reid eventually achieved a palindrome of truly stunning length and elegance: 'T. Eliot, top bard, notes putrid tang emanating, is sad. I'd assign it a name: gnat-dirt upset on drab pot toilet.'

"Good news and bad news. Our latest poll shows you up from 31% to 40%. The bad news: the poll was taken in Plains."

"Angell refused to be bested. At last he cobbled up a palindrome that was almost twice as long as Reid's, but he looks back on his victory as a comparatively hollow one. His palindrome is not self-explanatory, as Reid's is; it requires the elaborate and not very plausible assumption that the speaker of it is an insane war veteran confined to a government hospital. The palindrome—perhaps the world's longest—goes as follows:

'Marge, let dam dogs in. Am on satire: Vow I am Cain. Am on spot, am a Jap sniper. Red, raw murder on GI! Ignore drum. (Warder repins pajama tops.) No maniac, Ma! Iwo veritas: no man is God.—Mad Telegram.' "

Mr. Little's "longest palindrome" (N&A, May 11) is not what I'd call really kosher, since it is composed mostly of names—some of which no self-respecting parent would bestow on a defenseless child.

Cordially,
Joyce Saenz
Corpus Christi Times
Corpus Christi, Tex.

■ Dear Bill:

NR's classified ads are effective! The following appeared in the Personal column on May 11, 1979:

> GOOD WIFE WANTED, new or used. Have isolated seaside homestead, accessible by boat. Mild climate, superb garden and deep woods. Am 48, libertarian, iconoclastic, agnostic, musical, bibliophile, and gourmet. Have cornucopia, and desire a like helpmate: warm, attractive, enthusiastic, and organized. Picture please. Ken Brydges, Beaver Creek, Blind Channel, British Columbia, Canada VOP 1BO.

Offering *quid pro quo*, the co-beneficiaries invite you and your staff to attend their wedding:

WHO	Sarah M. Weems (34, classical scholar and editor, lately of St. Louis, Missouri) and Kenneth A. Brydges (as described above)
WHEN	September 15, 1979, at 12:00 Noon
WHERE	Blind Channel, British Columbia, Canada (125 miles north of Vancouver by floatplane)

Come on, Bill—the country is spectacular, the fishing outstanding, and the company stimulating.

Sarah and I realize that you will be losing a subscriber when we join forces, so we plan to make amends by buying a few gift subscriptions. As for ourselves, I guess we're ready to opt for a lifetime of NATIONAL REVIEW.

Gratefully,
Ken Brydges
Blind Channel, B.C.
Canada
—WFB

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On Whose Side?

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

NEUTRALISM, the late John Foster Dulles used to say, is immoral. He seemed (to some of us, at least) wrong at the time; yet in retrospect he was possibly right.

These thoughts are prompted by: the Non-Aligned Conference in Havana; a visit to Madrid; and the opening stages of the Rhodesian constitutional conference in London. It is worth following the matter through.

The term "neutralism" became fashionable in the early 1950s to describe a post-colonial phenomenon. Ex-colonies emerging into independence asserted their new status by taking their distance from the metropolitan power. The logical way to do this was to seek links with the Communist world—which, in the old pre-Sino-Soviet-dispute days, meant both the USSR and Red China.

Since these countries—India was the biggest—had had no foreign policy other than that of the imperial power, the exercise of "neutralism" was probably a necessary step to demonstrate to their peoples that a change had indeed taken place (otherwise, the said peoples, whose misery continued undisturbed, might not have noticed).

Right-thinking people, such as the late Secretary of State, saw the Red links of the ex-colonies as a move toward Communism, an incipient pact with the Devil. Others, who saw that it was inevitable, regretted it but doubted its immorality.

'Positive Neutralism'

There was something positive about neutralism, and indeed the late Gamal Abdel Nasser, an accomplished exponent of the art, called his foreign policy "positive neutralism." It was, incidentally, a highly profitable exercise, for it enabled the countries practicing it to beg for alms in both directions: the left hand received aid (of a kind) from the Communist power, and the right, aid of another kind from the West. Neither category did them much real good, by the way, but this was not immediately noticed at the time. Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia brought the art to a fine pitch of skill, and was recompensed by alternating howls of rage from Moscow and Washington.

I note in passing that neutralism had nothing in common with neutrality, and that neutrality meant different things to different countries. There was the neutrality of Switzerland, "perpetual" and strictly non-ideological; the neutrality of Austria, enforced as the price of a losing war under the State Treaty of 1955; the neutrality of Finland, imposed by an uncomfortably large bear of a neighbor, not to mention the special case of Sweden.

The particular variety of neutralism known as non-alignment became a movement rather than a mere state of mind. It started as a club, with Tito of Yugoslavia, Nehru of India, and Nasser of Egypt as founder-members, and enabled the Yugoslavs, who had never been a Western colony, to join the Indians, who had, and the Egyptians, who felt they had. There were only 25 countries at the first Non-Aligned Summit in Belgrade in 1961; and more than three times that number in the Havana show.

It was illuminating to follow events from Madrid, just as a change of position while viewing a painting can bring out points previously overlooked. It gave me, I confess, a strange feeling to see in the Spanish papers a likeness of my friend Carlos Robles Piquer, Franco's Director General for Information, leading the Spanish delegation in Havana. True, it was only a delegation of observers, but the mind boggled, slightly, all the same. Fortunately, Spain's Foreign Minister stood up in the Senate the next day to say very firmly that Spain had no intention of adopting neutralism, that its external policy gave priority to Europe and the West, and that the government still aimed (subject to democratic processes) to seek entry into NATO.

The fact that this conference of the non-aligned was hosted by Cuba, virtually a wholly owned subsidiary of the Soviet state monopoly, was surely the ultimate absurdity. The sophism that because the Cubans are not members of the Warsaw Pact they are non-aligned will not wash. Cubans and East Germans have fought side by side on Moscow's behalf in Africa. Is that not enough?

This *reductio ad absurdum* does seem to show that, with the passage of years, Dulles' view of the immorality of neutralism may have been right. Many of us still thought in the early 1950s that if, say, Hungary and Tibet achieved independence, they would demonstrate the fact by forging links with the Western powers. Everybody would meet in the middle, and neutralism would be vindicated. Alas, the crushing of the Hungarian revolution and the forced Sinocization of Tibet dashed these idealistic hopes.

Short of ex-Communist colonies, the non-aligned movement has run its full course, so that non-alignment can now be redefined as alignment with Moscow. Marshal Tito, to do him justice, was well aware of the paradox, and did his best to get Castro to tone down his condemnation of American imperialism. But this was asking the impossible from an instrument of Soviet imperialism.

Tito, then, had to content himself with precious few changes and a preamble reflecting the Yugoslav view of non-alignment, as it used to be. He would have done better to walk out of the conference.

'Good Luck, Smithy'

In its way, the London conference on Rhodesia's constitutional future is also about conflicting alignments. Successive British governments have invariably blinded themselves to the real issues, condemning Ian Smith out of hand as either a rebel against the British Crown (the Tory tendency), or a racist oppressor (Labor's choice), or of course both, instead of seeing him as a bulwark against the spread of barbarism and of Soviet power.

There was something deeply warming in reports of workers at London's Heathrow airport greeting Smith with such slogans as "Good luck, Smithy" and "Keep it up, Ian"; and wrily amusing in the friendly chat Rhodesia's ex-Prime Minister had with Harold Wilson in the VIP suite. For it was Wilson who botched the Rhodesia problem and abdicated Britain's sovereignty in the matter by handing it over to the UN.

At least Mrs. Thatcher has reasserted that sovereignty, and that, if nothing else, leaves a residue of hope. □

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THE BASIC CASE AGAINST SALT

The fundamental errors of SALT: the U.S. is 1) risking its survival on a treaty with a government that views cheating as a virtue, and 2) relying on an intelligence process almost as untrustworthy as treaties

Remember the Hivites

LAWRENCE W. BEILENSON

MOST OPPONENTS of the SALT II agreement have based their objections purely on the treaty's unfairness to the United States. But there is another reason for rejection, and it goes deeper. *The Federalist* (No. 3) states: "Among the many objects to which a wise and free people find it necessary to direct their attention, that of providing for their *safety* seems to be first." The SALT II agreement hinders the attainment of safety, our chief aim, because the SALT process relies on two untrustworthy tools of statesmanship, treaties and intelligence.

The rallying cry of SALT proponents is peace, but throughout the ages war has coexisted comfortably with treaties promising peace. Granted that nuclear peace should be assimilated to our chief goal of survival, the question is not whether we want nuclear peace; practically all of us do. The real question is by what tool peace can be kept. As our instrument of choice, the SALT process selects treaties that attempt to limit nuclear arms.

In his 1977 Inaugural Address President Jimmy Carter said: "We will move this year a step toward our ultimate goal: the elimination of all nuclear weapons from this earth." Had anyone asked Carter by what tool, his reply would have had to be: by international law or treaty. International law comprises treaties and the customs of so-called civilized nations. Custom is more uncertain than treaties, and international law has been violated as often as treaties. The reply can therefore be shortened to treaties.

In his daily Bible reading, Carter must have skipped the 34th chapter of Genesis, which relates the negotiation of a disarmament treaty and its consequences. Jacob bought land and camped in the land of the Hivites. After their Prince Hamor saw Dinah, Jacob's daughter, "and lay with her, and defiled her," Hamor and his father King Shechem met with Jacob's sons and offered marriage, any gift asked, the sharing of the Hivite land, and intermarriage among the two peoples so that they would become one. Jacob's sons agreed on condition that all the male Hivites be circumcised. In urging ratification of the treaty, Shechem told his people: "These men *are* peaceable with us." The Hivites accepted the condition, and their males were circumcised.

Immediately after the mass circumcision, the sons of Jacob, having in effect disarmed the Hivites by temporarily disabling their men pursuant to the treaty, fell upon them, slew the males, spoiled the city, and seized the women, children, and cattle. The disease that killed the Hivites was treaty reliance. The treaty on which they had relied had disarmed them.

From earliest times to the present, the history of political treaties has been a dreary repetition of breaches. *The Federalist* (No. 15) relates "how little dependence is to be placed on treaties." Unreliable treaties become more untrustworthy with an unreliable partner. If John Doe told his friends that he intended to risk all his worldly goods in a poker game with a known cardsharp, the friends would shake their heads. Yet we consider ourselves sagacious in staking our survival on a SALT treaty with the USSR, whose ideology blesses cheating as a virtue.

Another characteristic of treaties exposes their further flaw as a shield. Private contracts have the ultimate enforcement power of the sheriff behind them; there is no sheriff among nations. Against a country which breaks a treaty of great moment, the only effective remedy is war. If in breach of a SALT treaty the USSR secretly created and then suddenly deployed more nuclear arms than the treaty permitted, American cancellation of the treaty would not repair the damage. If we were overmatched by the deployment, our injury might well be fatal because of the long time it would take us to equal the Soviet arsenal.

BUT THIS is impossible, the proponents of SALT claim. Through our intelligence, particularly our "national technical means of verification," we know what the Soviets are doing.

If, after deciding to hazard all his worldly goods in a poker game with a cardsharp, John Doe announced that he was relying on a foolproof system to detect cheating, his friends would deem him a fool. When we play SALT treaties with the USSR for our lives and justify our conduct by our ability to catch the Soviets cheating, we are—to be polite—unwise. And apart from the character of our opponent, the lamp of intelligence always has flickered and misled. The intelligence process has been almost as untrustworthy as treaties.

Despite the billions we spend annually on intelligence, we have been regu-

Mr. Beilenson is the author of The Treaty Trap *and* Power through Subversion.

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larly surprised. President Carter complained that his intelligence arm misled him on Iran. He mistakenly assumed that this—as he thought—isolated failure was not typical and could be cured by an order to be more efficient. In fact, American intelligence frequently has erred, but not because its practitioners have been either numskulls or knaves. Had Carter studied the history of the tool, he would have discovered that the intelligence of all nations has been unreliable.

David Kahn devoted many years to his excellent study of Nazi intelligence, and he had complete access to all the records. He found German intelligence incompetent, particularly at the top. Although Anglo-American intelligence was better than German, if Kahn had studied the intelligence of any nation with the same admirable thoroughness, he would have reached the same conclusion. Immediately preceding and during World War II, intelligence errors of the gravest sort occurred everywhere; they were in the judging process, and mostly at the top.

To begin at home, we hardly covered ourselves with glory by being surprised at Pearl Harbor or later at the Battle of the Bulge. Britain and France disregarded the Nazi preparation for war. Britain failed to gather and take account of the information that was easiest to obtain: evidence of the weakness of its French ally. Though warned by the British, Josef Stalin was surprised by the Nazi attack and lost hundreds of thousands of soldiers. There were no intelligence heroes at the top. This untrustworthiness will necessarily continue, because intelligence is a guessing game with each country trying to outwit and mislead its adversaries.

Our own intelligence estimates have missed the mark widely in vital matters. In 1941 we estimated that Germany would defeat Russia in three months. The same year we were surprised at Pearl Harbor. We were again surprised by the North Korean attack on South Korea, by China's attack against General Douglas MacArthur's forces when we invaded North Korea, by the 1956 Israeli-English-French attack on Egypt, and by the Arabs' 1973 Yom Kippur attack against Israel.

Our record in appraising Soviet nuclear strength is scarcely reassuring. In 1949 the Soviets exploded a fission (atom) bomb. Our intelligence community had estimated that it would take the USSR several more years to develop one. Four years later the Soviets had a fusion (hydrogen) bomb. Again we misgauged the time factor; the USSR acquired the hydrogen bomb faster than we judged it would. The Soviets' 1957 Sputnik and their development of an intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM) surprised us completely. In the "missile gap" controversy, which John F. Kennedy exploited in the 1960 presidential campaign, we overestimated Soviet ICBMs. At the same time, we greatly underestimated the number of intermediate- and medium-range ballistic missile launchers that the USSR would deploy at the end of the 1950s and in the early 1960s. The two errors roughly canceled each other. In judging whether American intelligence has been trustworthy, it is immaterial that we made one overestimate equalized by one underestimate. The significant point is that both our appraisals were incorrect.

Ever since, our intelligence community has been underestimating total expected Soviet nuclear strength. In 1974 Professor Albert Wohlstetter of the University of Chicago analyzed public data to test the accuracy of our estimates. His was no comparison of apples with oranges; Wohlstetter used a Defense Department report that estimated future Soviet nuclear deployment and matched it with a subsequent Defense Department report which recorded the deployment after it had occurred. In every case we had grossly underestimated.

It is an understatement to say that our intelligence process has proved unworthy of trust. And since 1972 we have fallen under the spell cast upon us by the wonders of scientific surveillance and have come to believe that we know "facts" about Soviet nuclear strength which we do not and cannot know.

UNTIL 1972 we refused to make arms-control treaties that did not provide for on-site inspections to verify performance. This long-held American position succumbed in the 1973 SALT treaties to "national technical means of verification," the words used in the pacts as a euphemism for scientific surveillance. The technical means are principally our eyes in the sky—satellites and aircraft overflying enemy land and photographing it—aided by various electronic and other detection instruments. But our supposedly all-seeing eyes in the sky, supported by every technical device we have, do not and cannot give us the information we need about Soviet nuclear strength.

We can count bombers, other aircraft, surface ships, submarines, and the number of tubes they have for launching. We cannot determine, however, whether Soviet submarines contain additional submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs). We have tailored both the SALT I Interim Agreement and the SALT II Agreement to our ability to count rather than to our need to know. Neither pact limits the number of nuclear *missiles*; each limits the number of nuclear *launchers*, and this number is what Defense Department reports deal with. Nonetheless, these reports are generally treated as a comparison of Soviet and American nuclear strength in *missiles*.

We can count land silos that house launchers, but we cannot know whether additional ICBMs are stored nearby or elsewhere. Among Soviet ICBMs, at least the SS-17s and the giant SS-18 employ a cold launch, in which the rocket motors do not ignite until the missiles are clear of their silos. Hence, the missiles do not burn up their launchers as our missiles do in their "hot" launch.

In 1977 Major General George Keegan related how the USSR acquired the cold-launch technique, the failure of our intelligence to take it into ac-

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count, and the resultant large Soviet superiority. The Soviets picked up "a Boeing design [which] we didn't want" (and which was published in *Aviation Week & Space Technology*) and improved it. Keegan estimated in 1977 that the Soviets had between five hundred and three thousand additional ICBMs that could be refired. When it is remembered that in 1979 the United States has only 1,054 ICBMs, the seriousness of Keegan's claim can be appreciated. Moreover, it is unnecessary to accept his statement about numbers. We can arrive at the same point by deduction: it beggars reason to assume that the Soviets would develop a refire capability and manufacture no missiles to refire.

Our eyes in the sky cannot look into caves, mines, or structures in which missiles can be hidden. There are endless ways of concealing nuclear offensive missiles, and the same is true of some elements of anti-ballistic-missile installations.

If we cannot count missiles, obviously we cannot count warheads; but we suffer from a further inability. The number of warheads the USSR has depends on how many of its missiles are armed with multiple independent re-entry vehicles (MIRVs) and the number of MIRVs per missile. The report of the 1976 Senate Select Committee investigating our military intelligence stated that detecting "MIRV missiles which are concealed in silos or submarines" would be highly difficult.

While we know that the USSR has cruise missiles, we cannot determine their number or their range. And even an expert looking at a cruise missile cannot tell whether it is conventional or nuclear.

ONCE IT IS realized that we cannot count enemy missiles, enemy warheads, or enemy cruise missiles, the very basis of our technical means of verification collapses. The future of verification is even gloomier. Since Hiroshima, atomic/nuclear weapons have improved not only in size, destructiveness, and range, but also in quality. The quality trend is the prominent one now, and it seems likely to continue. Quality is impossible to verify by technical means.

National technical means of verification are indeed marvelous, but they do not enable us to estimate Soviet nuclear strength reliably. The refinement of nuclear-weapons quality that may be expected augurs a decrease in our ability to measure.

The trouble with intelligence goes deeper than our own failures and inadequacies. The inherent defect of intelligence as an instrument on which to base one's survival lies partly in the fuels that feed the lamp. Human spies have often been inaccurate, or double agents. Machiavelli long ago pointed out the folly of believing refugees. Cryptology is a wonderful art, but planting misinformation in radio messages is easy. And so-called scientific intelligence is also subject to planted information.

IT IS NOT only obtaining the raw information that causes errors; grave mistakes have occurred and will recur in appraisal of the information by competent military and civilian officials. Before the Yom Kippur War, the Israeli intelligence service was rated as among the best in the world—some rated it as the best—yet the Egyptian-Syrian attack achieved surprise on October 6, 1973, with the unmobilized Israeli reserves in the synagogues. After the war, the Israeli Agranat Inquiry Commission found that its army intelligence possessed a vast amount of information indicating an attack. The error was in appraisal.

Intelligence in our time has one other serious defect: the tremendous volume of the information. Add together all the radio messages our National Security Agency (NSA) intercepts, the reports from human sources, the daily photographs taken by our eyes in the sky, the technical data, the influx from our embassies, the public information, and the analyses. The sum is a sea of paper in which our intelligence chiefs must flounder.

In September the State Department said that our intelligence arms during both the Ford and Carter Administrations had sufficient photographic information to identify a Soviet brigade in Cuba but failed to examine and analyze the photographs. The claim—true or false—emphasizes that we are drowning in our volume of information. No intelligence chief, much less the President, can find time to read all of it, let alone to understand it well enough to use it in timely decisions.

The most apt modern example of the failure of a disarmament treaty combines a breach of the treaty, the deficiency of on-site inspections, and a breakdown in detection through intelligence. Though the Soviet Union was not a party to the treaty, it aided and abetted the violations. In the peace treaty closing World War I, Germany gave the victorious Allies clear, detailed promises not to rearm. Not content with a paper chain without provisions for verification, the Allies established in the 1919 Treaty of Versailles the most thorough and comprehensive system of on-site inspections ever devised. The Allied Control Commission stationed in Germany was given unlimited access to every installation in the country, every day, at any time.

Many remember that Hitler tore up the treaty; few recollect what happened before Hitler. The German republic began to rearm in violation of the treaty from the day it was made. German rearmament progressed well even while the Control Commission was stationed in Germany. In the spirit of Locarno—the detente of the 1920s—the Commission was withdrawn in 1927; the German republic intensified the rearmament. From the beginning, the Soviets actively assisted the Germans in these violations. From 1921 to 1933 the USSR and the German republic concluded a series of secret military agreements for the USSR to manufacture poison gas, airplanes, motors, and the like for Germany and for the delivery of other Soviet munitions to Germany. In return the Germans trained Soviet pilots, instructors, and technical experts.

The statesman tends to trust his intelligence lamp because sometimes it shines brightly and steadily. When it flickers, he summons his repairmen to fix it. There has always, however, been an unfixable defect in the intelligence lamps of all countries, whether antique models or the latest creation.

A maxim about intelligence need contain only nine words: "We don't know, we can't know; remember Pearl Harbor." As for treaties, the 34th chapter of Genesis should prompt us to write upon the doorpost of our house and upon its gates: Remember the Hivites. □

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SALT DEBATE

If Pigs Had Wings

LEV NAVROZOV

EVERY ARGUMENT must have a certain logical sequence. For example, the argument as to whether pigs fly better than cliff swallows must begin by the establishing whether pigs have wings. If they have none, no further argument is necessary. The argument about SALT must begin—or, rather, ought to have begun seven years ago—by establishing whether the "SALT Agreements" are verifiable. If they are unverifiable, and hence are what Henry Kissinger calls "unilateral decisions," then no further argument about them as agreements is necessary.

The understanding that an alleged agreement with totalitarian rulers is an agreement only insofar as it is verifiable has not yet been dislodged from all congressional minds. As Senator John Glenn wrote to me on July 19, 1979:

> Primarily my concern centers on the question of verification, which is the ability of the U.S. to know that the Soviets are complying with the terms of the agreement. I believe this is a critical issue because if we can verify that the Soviets are living up to the SALT II treaty, then, and only then, can we proceed with confidence to negotiate more meaningful arms reduction.

It is also obvious that the signing of unverifiable "agreements" with the Soviet rulers strongly suggests to the latter either that the U.S. Government is incredibly inept and stupid or that it is seeking yet another faint-hearted excuse for unilateral disarmament. In either case, the Soviet rulers conclude, it means the United States is weak, and the Soviet arms drive and global expansion should be stepped up.

Yet, amazingly enough, there has been no confrontation in Congress between the U.S. intelligence experts who argue that SALT is verifiable and those experts who undertake to prove that it is not. Since the truth can emerge only as a result of such a confrontation and cross-examination of experts, Senator Glenn can well complain that as of today, seven years after the first SALT document was signed, he does not know, and indeed has no way of knowing, whether SALT is or is not verifiable.

Since 1975 I have been proposing to Congress an array of adversary experts to confront the U.S. intelligence experts—for example, Dr. Igor Glagolev, a top Soviet SALT expert and negotiator who has recently defected to the West. Surely Congress and the public should be interested in what a former top Soviet SALT expert has to say about SALT?

I do not mean to suggest, of course, that it is only the experts of our non-profit, non-partisan Center for the Survival of Western Democracies who can disprove the assurances of U.S. intelligence that SALT is verifiable. But if other groups have attempted to dispute the findings of U.S. intelligence in Congress, they have been no more successful than we have; and our experience in the current SALT debate—an experience accumulated largely in dealings with *friendly* congressmen and their staffs—may be symptomatic.

All attempts to interest the *New York Times* in the problem have been futile. The *Times* was quick to expose the inability of U.S. intelligence to detect the weapons and troops Egypt had amassed for the 1973 Mideast War, and to see what was going on in Iran last fall. But as soon as the question turns to Russia, the optimism of the *Times* becomes unlimited. Tad Szulc, who was so critical of the CIA's performance in Iran, opines that U.S. agents "have in some fashion penetrated the Soviet defense establishment." Predictably, when I sent my *Commentary* article "What the CIA Knows about Russia" (September 1978) to the top people at the *Times*, with supplements showing that Admiral Turner could not, in a public confrontation with me at a Washington "discussion dinner," rebut a single point of the article, none of my *Times* addressees vouchsafed a response.

By early July 1979, we at the Center understood, by a kind of Russian premonition, that adversary experts would be frozen out at the next round of SALT hearings before the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. Only U.S. intelligence "experts" would be allowed to speak before the Select Committee—that is, to dupe the senators.

As for the public hearings before the two other relevant Senate committees—Foreign Relations and Armed Services—these would be based on the implication that SALT verifiability was being investigated or had been proved elsewhere. The senators and witnesses in these public hearings

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Mr. Navrozov spent twenty years studying and writing "for the drawer" in Russia. He came to the U.S. in 1972 and has since published one book, The Education of Lev Navrozov, *and many magazine articles in, among other places,* Commentary *and* Midstream. *He is the founder of the Center for the Survival of Western Democracies.*

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would thus be obliged to speak of SALT *as if SALT were verifiable.*

Compare this comfortable assurance with what the director of the U.S. Defense Intelligence Agency told the Joint Economic Committee four years ago:

> As a matter of fact, one of the fundamental surprises to the whole intelligence community in the 16 years that I have been in the business is the strong effort the Soviets have made to get themselves a broad ocean navy.

So U.S. intelligence did not see even the construction of ocean-going ships in open shipyards. And yet now it will see—*through roofs or underground ceilings*—the production of Soviet bombers inside *closed* quarters, camouflaged since the Sixties against all waves throughout the electromagnetic spectrum.

It is a matter of record that every Soviet weapon beginning with the atomic bomb in the Forties comes as a surprise to U.S. intelligence. Even deployed models of Soviet tanks remain a mystery until the Soviets display them. At this writing, U.S. intelligence cannot say whether the Soviet brigade in Cuba has been stationed there since 1962 or moved in last spring.

In recent years, 1,200 Soviet strategic missiles have been removed from their silos and replaced (contrary to SALT I) by bigger and more sophisticated models (*Reader's Digest*, May 1979). No Western intelligence agency knows where these 1,200 missiles are installed or stored. More than 150 Pentagon-size structures have been scattered all over Russia (*Reader's Digest* again). The Soviet military do not conceal these particular structures or even their military nature. But no Western intelligence agency knows precisely what these structures are for.

If U.S. technical intelligence is so far ahead of its Soviet counterpart, why does a relevant Soviet study create such a stir in the American academic and military-intelligence communities 22 years later.

Now suppose the Soviet regime *conceals* the strategic nature of a structure—unlike the 150 Pentagons, whose nature has not been concealed. Consider Moscow's Likhachov automobile plant (which the A. J. Brandt Company of Detroit built in the Thirties), duly producing cars and trucks. But inside and under this plant there is another one, complete with testing grounds, producing amphibious vehicles. This double structure applies to every major Soviet industrial enterprise or research laboratory. How can American intelligence agencies learn what is produced by these secret military enterprises? The Likhachov plant is in Moscow, where foreign correspondents reside. No Russian insider has told them about this double structure in Soviet "civilian enterprises" because this would be an act of espionage. But what about expanses the size of the United States where no foreign foot is allowed to step?

New weapons pass through five stages: research, development, testing, production, and storage or deployment. Soviet research, development, production, and storage take place in closed quarters and hence are unverifiable in principle. Also unverifiable are old or new models of weapons which can be produced without current testing and deployment or whose testing and deployment can take place in closed quarters. For those new models which cannot be tested and/or deployed in closed quarters, the Soviets depend on camouflage. If American countercamouflage techniques were twenty years ahead of their Soviet counterparts, then America could hope to verify at least the testing and deployment stages of these weapons. Indeed, SALT advocates proceed from the implicit assumption that Soviet camouflage experts are eighteenth century peasants unfamiliar with photography or satellites. But is this the case?

In the Fifties, in anticipation of U.S. satellite detection in peacetime and of aircraft reconnaissance in war, the Kremlin launched massive studies in wave physics, for detection *v.* camouflage is a battle of sonar, electronic, or other waves. One of these studies was a fundamental monograph by Leonid Brekhovskikh, *Waves in Layered Media*, published by the Publishing House of the Soviet Academy of Sciences in 1957. This monograph is now a scientific best-seller; a new edition is being prepared at this writing, 22 years later, on a grant from U.S. naval intelligence. If U.S. technical intelligence is so far ahead of its Soviet counterpart, why does a relevant Soviet study create such a stir in the American academic and military-intelligence communities 22 years later?

We are to believe that somehow, somewhere SALT verifiability has been proved—in secret, of course. That's the trick. SALT advocates have been *implying* for seven years that SALT is verifiable, and the Senate SALT II hearings in July 1979 were only a new round of this old game.

INDEED, THIS PUBLIC RELATIONS stunt went off even better than we at the Center feared.

Any good propagandist wishing to convince people that pigs can fly better than cliff swallows must divert the argument from its logical sequence and into a terrain as vast and open as possible. Argue that the muscular energy output of the pig is greater than that of the swallow, and let your opponents get bogged down in irrelevant questions of

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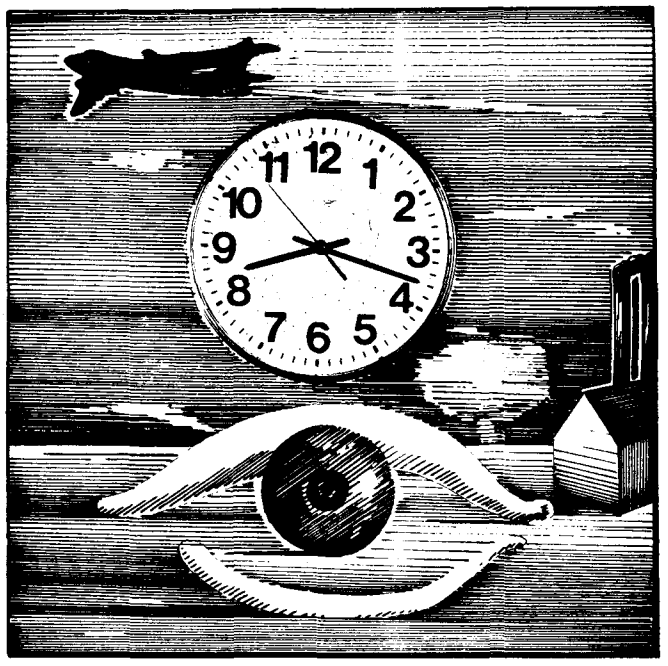

muscle physiology, aerodynamics, etc. Similarly, the senators and witnesses in the Senate public hearings were led off into the vast and complex field of strategy, which would have been irrelevant had it been proved that SALT is not verifiable.

The only dangerous moment for the SALT advocates—the only moment when it appeared that attention might be directed to the submerged assumption of verifiability—occurred when some members of the Foreign Relations Committee began to insist that CIA Director Stansfield Turner and his colleagues testify in open session before the Committee as to whether SALT is adequately verifiable.

Senator Frank Church, the Committee's chairman, would not permit anything so reckless. He announced that Admiral Turner would "explain at a closed hearing [his] reasons for not wishing to testify in public on verification." The reasons for secrecy themselves must be secret, according to Senator Church.

When U.S. intelligence agencies testified in Congress several years ago on alleged abuses of power or violations of morality, few senators, least of all Senator Church, showed an even remotely comparable concern for secrecy. But now some of the most uncompromising champions of the First Amendment and the Freedom of Information Act have turned into vigilant guardians of secrecy above anything else. Newspapers also complied without a murmur.

The results of this supersecret testimony—with adversaries barred, of course—surpassed its organizers' expectations. Even Senator Goldwater, vice chairman of the Select Committee on Intelligence, said that secret testimony on verification had satisfied some of his doubts "to the point where I would not be too exercised over it now." Who would want to be more Goldwaterite than Goldwater?

On August 1, with an understandable feeling of triumph, Senator Cranston summed up the Senate hearings by saying that SALT opponents had not succeeded in demonstrating "any fatal flaw" in the "accord," and could now count only 12 senators who were virtually certain to vote against it.

As I said earlier, our attempts, starting in July, to break the SALT-sellers' stonewall were fruitless. I first called Mr. Kenneth DeGraffenreid, on the staff of the Select Committee on Intelligence.

About nine months earlier I had sent Mr. DeGraffenreid a letter explaining why his committee should finally enable competent adversary experts or witnesses to testify (I mentioned in particular "former Russians" who had worked in the relevant Soviet fields or institutions). Months passed, but there was no progress (unless one can consider as such the following note from Senator Bayh, chairman of the Select Committee on Intelligence: "I intend to follow developments in this area carefully. Your thoughts on the issue are most appreciated").

Finally, I called Mr. DeGraffenreid on July 5 and asked: "When are the hearings?" Mr. DeGraffenreid was noncommittal. Frantically, I then started to call the staffers of other committees, only to learn that the hearings before the Select Committee on Intelligence had been scheduled to begin the next week. So the very fact that these hearings were about to take place was seemingly being kept secret from likely adversary experts or witnesses. (The *Congressional Record* indeed confirms that the Standing Consultative Commission established for the discussion of SALT violations, and consisting of a U.S. Commissioner and a Soviet Commissioner, "may not make its proceedings public except with the express consent of both Commissioners." In other words, the U.S. Government and the Soviet rulers can have common secrets on SALT which the American public cannot share.)

In any case, it was time for action. Another formal letter requesting that the committee call competent adversary experts or witnesses to testify, along with supporting information, was mailed to every member of the Select Committee on Intelligence and to every staffer, 47 packages in all.

After July 23 it began to be assumed that verifiability had been proved. Hence SALT began to look basically sound and good, and Jackson and all the other SALT opponents began to look like obstinate hairsplitters

We also phoned twice to assure the Committee that adversary experts or witnesses would not present any danger to whatever secrecy the Committee wanted to maintain. We were not seeking access to any classified information. No adversary expert had to be present when classified testimony was being given by U.S. intelligence experts. But we requested that when the experts had finished, an adversary be allowed to state his case concerning the unverifiability of SALT and to answer the senators' questions in the presence of Admiral Turner and his colleagues. The latter would thus have a chance to question the adversary experts in turn and rebut whatever they said. Surely this was the only way for the Senate to arrive at the truth of the matter.

We also decided to get in touch with a key aide of every senator who could reasonably be expected to question the verifiability of SALT. Our first objective was Senator Henry Jackson, one of the eight majority members of the Select Committee on Intelligence. I had already met the senator's key staff aides—Richard Perle and Dorothy Fos-

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dick—on several previous occasions over the past six years.

Mr. Perle played a major role in drafting the Jackson Amendment of 1972, compelling the government to seek equal levels of effective nuclear force in SALT II. This seemed to concern Mr. Perle more than verifiability. On July 24 the *New York Times* reported that Senator Jackson said SALT "did not establish equal levels of effective nuclear force, as required by a law enacted in 1972." Period. End of the Senator's statement.

But what was its impact? Senator Goldwater's astonishing conversion had put SALT verifiability beyond all doubt. Hence SALT began to look basically sound and good, and Senator Jackson and all the other SALT opponents began to look like obstinate hairsplitters.

The Senator sent me his five-page reply form letter explaining that the "national security of the United States" is a "vital matter" (and asking for donations to the National GOP Senatorial Committee)

No "equal levels of effective nuclear force"? "So what?" millions of Americans will echo President Carter. "Sure, the Soviets can knock out the entire U.S. land-based missile force, while the U.S. bombers cannot penetrate the Soviet defenses. But that's OK, since even one U.S. submarine can nuke a lot of cities in Russia. After all, the President says so." But what if U.S. submarines are *neutralized* by the Soviets? This probability, which American experts took into account in the Sixties, has been forgotten in the Seventies. The charming innocence of President Carter's vision recalls those calculations of 1938 according to which even a tiny fraction of the bullets (not to mention shells or bombs) which France possessed would have been enough to kill off every German several times over. But the trouble was that Senator Jackson's statement opened up a vast field stretching far beyond the subject of the Senate hearings, and far beyond the technical knowledge of most American readers of the daily press.

The SALT advocates had designed their strategy with care. The U.S. Government employed a high-powered Washington lawyer, Mr. Lloyd Cutler, to "organize and coordinate presentations this month before three Senate committees," as the *Times* put it on July 6, 1979. The SALT opponents, by contrast, not only did not have any counter-strategy, but displayed poor team work. Mr. Perle, playing for his own prestige, got the team nowhere.

After Senator Jackson, we began calling other likely senators, working methodically down our list. First, Dr. Kenneth Adelman, the SALT aide of Senator Robert Dole. Ken had read my *Commentary* article on the CIA and was enthusiastic: certainly an adversary expert should and would testify before the Select Committee on Intelligence. But Senator Dole is not on the Committee.

Next we called Cranwell Montgomery of Senator Howard Baker's office. No luck. By way of reply, the Senator sent me his five-page form letter explaining that the "national security of the United States" is a "vital matter" (and asking for donations to the National Republican Senatorial Committee).

Gradually, we came to understand why the anti-SALT senators and/or aides lacked interest in the issue of verifiability. The problem of verification involves a knowledge of the inner workings of the totalitarian regime of Russia, its secrecy and its counter-intelligence, and this is something little understood in the West. On the other hand, Soviet weapons are essentially similar to American weapons, and this is a field which some senators and their aides have been conning for years in connection with defense allocations.

There was also another source of temptation for conservative senators to discuss SALT as if it were verifiable: the SALT agreements embody glaring strategic disadvantages for the United States (especially coming as they do on the crest of American decisions for unilateral disarmament accumulating since the mid-Sixties). Indeed, the Soviets began *openly* installing multiple warheads (MIRVs) on their missiles right after the signing of SALT I, and now have mammoth megatonnage and warheads—as in SS-18 missiles, each of which can knock out six U.S. Minutemen, silos and all. But this was not enough: under the SALT I treaty, the Soviets began to develop fifth-generation rockets, some of which make even the mammoth SS-18s look small by comparison. Obviously, these fifth-generation rockets will replace the fourth-generation rockets under SALT II just as the latter replaced their predecessors under SALT I. Why, even the anti-ballistic-missile (ABM) defense, banned by SALT I, has been developed full tilt by the Soviets—partly openly, partly through loopholes, and partly on the "Sorry-we-won't-do-it-again" basis.

So the temptation for the anti-SALT senators to attack SALT II on these grounds (and hence on the incorrect assumption that SALT is verifiable) has been great. However, once again they forgot their audience. The more erudition the anti-SALT senators and witnesses displayed in weapons, the more public attention flagged.

We lost John Carbaugh of Senator Jesse A. Helms's staff amid unreturned calls and noncommittal answers. The same happened, with minute variations, with Bob Ryan (Senator Paul Laxalt), Chip Andrease (Senator Richard G. Lugar), James Streeter (Senator James A. McClure), Rhett Dawson (Senator John G. Tower), and the other SALT aides of anti-SALT stalwarts.

We also tried aggregates like the Republican Steering Committee and the American Security Council, but that didn't help either. Not a single adversary expert confronted the "U.S. intelligence experts."

I received a letter from Senator Bayh, Chairman of the Select Committee on Intelligence, dated July 17, 1979:

> Thank you for sending the Committee your articles on SALT and the CIA with your letter of July 6, 1979. . . .
>
> I am sorry that at this time it is not possible to schedule you as a witness in the classified hearings of the Select Committee on Intelligence to evaluate the capability of the United States to monitor the SALT II treaty.

Mailed as dated, the letter reached me exactly on the day the hearings ended. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

The Game's Afoot

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

"I WOULD IT WERE bed-time, Hal, and all well," said Falstaff before the battle: and similar trepidation is being expressed by some British Conservatives as they gird themselves for the coming winter. Mrs. Thatcher shows no such weakness.

No one doubts that it's going to be, if not a bloody battle, at least a bumpy ride. The rumbles of industrial trouble, the sporadic strikes, and the swelling chorus of outrage from the trade-union leaders, which have constituted a nagging background to the summer months, can hardly fail to become a great deal more ferocious.

The Public Employees' Union, which was at the center of last winter's chaos, has actually issued its members an instruction manual, listing the various forms of stoppage or disruption they may care to use. Some union leaders, however, well aware how unpopular the unions are, incline to caution.

Meanwhile, Britain's economic prospects in the short term are, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Geoffrey Howe, said recently, "frighteningly bad." Inflation is climbing up toward 30 per cent again. The balance of payments, apart from North Sea oil, is heavily adverse. Unemployment is high, productivity low.

To blame the present Conservative government is quite unfair. These are the fruits of past folly. Nothing this government could have done would have averted them. No one will know for 18 months or two years whether the Conservatives' policies—the policies of a free market, of tax cuts to stimulate effort and investment, of monetary control to check inflation—even look like succeeding.

But, of course, the Conservatives are already being blamed. Their popularity rating has fallen behind Labor's in the public opinion polls. This is nothing for Mrs. Thatcher to worry about. Faced with the urgent problems afflicting Britain today, any government which, having been elected with a good majority, did not become unpopular during its first year in office would be wasting the opportunity to make desperately needed changes in the nation's course.

So how, really, are things going? Very much as predicted. Mrs. Thatcher's team nailed its colors to the mast with the right initial moves and is still making the right sort of noises. On trade-union reform the danger, exemplified by Jim Prior, the soft-centered minister chiefly responsible, is that enough will be done to anger the unions but not enough to make a worthwhile difference.

The new legislative session—this government's first—is about to begin. The only major step which the government has taken so far was the budget and the associated announcement of cuts in public spending. These are the measures which have provoked such fury from the unions and obdurate resistance from civil servants and the heads of nationalized industries.

DESPITE this ululation, the cuts are not real cuts at all. They are merely reductions in the planned increases of expenditure. Even a Labor government would have had to make some reductions. And the cuts in the standard rate of income tax were balanced by a rise in the value added tax imposed on sales and services. More genuine and very necessary, but politically impossible for a Labor government, was the reduction in the confiscatory top rates of income tax from 83 per cent to 60 per cent.

It was a good budget, on the assumption that it was the first of a progressive series. Tinkering and trimming are not enough. If the strategy is to have any chance of success, there must be really substantial cuts in the proportion of the country's income which the government spends and the proportion of the working population which the government employs. Such cuts will be resisted.

Wage and price controls have been abolished; which, perhaps surprisingly, also angers the unions. They repudiated wage controls, but actually believed that prices could and should be controlled although wages were not. What chiefly shocks them, however, is to find that they are no longer being consulted by the government about economic and social policy.

Many more obstructions to the free working of the economy should be removed: notably the Rent Acts—which, by rendering any tenant virtually irremovable, have dried up the supply of homes for rent—and the notorious Employment Protection Act, which has destroyed jobs by making employers reluctant to hire anybody extra.

Some Conservatives were saying before the election that the sole item on their legislative agenda should be one huge Repeal Bill. As Hilaire Belloc observed, "You can lift a cricket ball in your hand, you can lift a cannon ball with a crane. But what can you do with whole mountains of ineptitude?" The sheer quantity of what needs to be swept away is awesome.

Mrs. Thatcher is going about the job in a quiet and firm, if somewhat bossy, manner. She dominates her Cabinet on the central, economic issue, which is what really interests her. The hostility of the unions was inevitable. The weakness of certain elements in the business community, shivering at the first chill breath of freedom, was predictable. The press, on the whole, is urging her to stand firm.

The crucial argument for doing so is very simple: If not now, when? There is never likely to be a better opportunity, perhaps there will never be another opportunity, of dragging Britain out of the collectivist mire. No one supposed it would be easy. Great hopes rest on this government; the hopes not only of Conservatives—indeed of all non-socialists—in Britain, but of people all around the world, watching to see if it can be done. What has happened so far has been only a prelude. Now the real struggle—and the test of philosophic resolution—begins. □

Mr. Lejeune regularly covers British affairs for NR.

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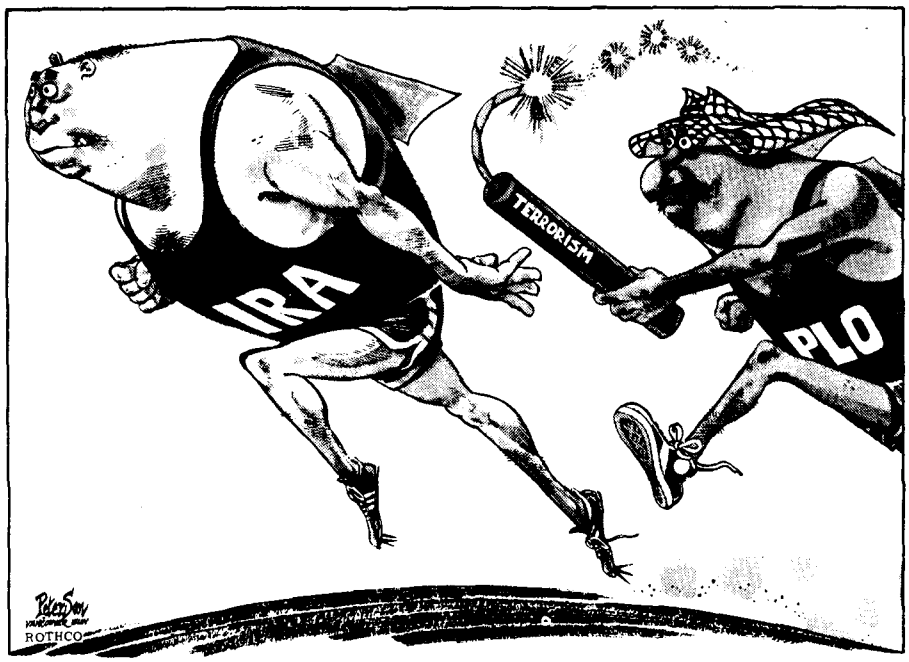
help!!!!

"Where are the gnomes of Zurich when we need them?"



The next lap

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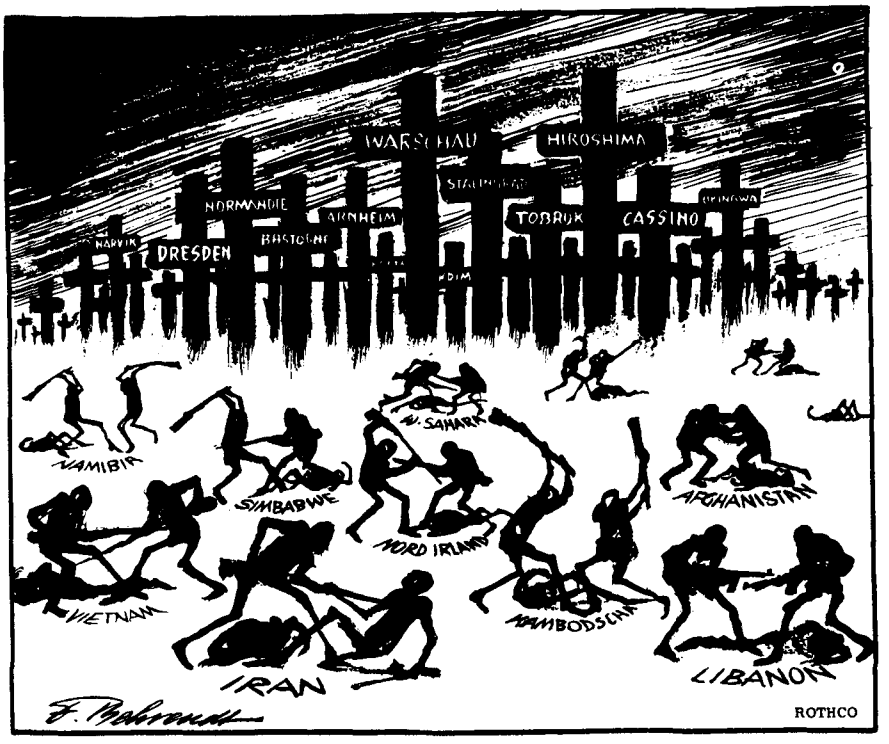

Forty years later

Good Bye to Big Game

The rhino's shot for ivory,
  Which rivals Spanish fly;
The elephant is crowded out
  As natives multiply.
With *bwana* gone, the game preserves
  Observe a last tatoo.
I nominate Nkomo and
  Mugabe for a zoo.

W. H. VON DREELE

MACNELLY
THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER. ©1979 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE.
AWRIGHT, FIDEL! TELL THE RUSSKIES TO COME OUT... OR WE SEND IN THE SWAT TEAM!
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PARIS IN AUGUST

La Fermeture Annuelle

NICHOLAS KING

PARIS IN AUGUST is an equivocal experience. One thinks of the empty spaces of the Tuileries, marked by strolling tourists or perhaps a gravely pacing priest; of rumpled watchmen sitting morosely in the galleries of the Louvre; of American widows writing letters at the little tables in the salons of of the France et Choiseul. The grand restaurants are closed, but there are a few idiosyncratic bistros that have stayed open during the dog days of summer. There, the tourists glare at each other's intrusive presence and hope the waiter won't ask them if they desire ketchup. If you know someone who has a house in Senlis, you might be invited out for a long, beautiful lunch in the shade under the linden trees.

This year, it was rainy and very cold, and the people in the hotel lobbies seemed all business—the tourists too, going through the travel folders in their briefcases as though they were contracts in triplicate. The famous hotels have been bought by the British, except the Ritz, which is Arab, and although this has made no palpable difference so far, the atmosphere is one of dismal international vacuum, like an airport late on Saturday night. The Japanese predominate as the new kind of businessman-tourist, and there isn't a shop window down on the Faubourg St. Honoré that hasn't got a Japanese screed in its window—which in view of the high prices makes woeful sense. In some of the hotels, the comfortable old French bones still show through the sleekness, particularly in the matter of well-made beds and lofty ceilings, and the continuing, almost endearing, non-workability of any electric appliance you happen to have brought along. Elaborate breakfasts can still be wheeled in, and the television sets look out of place even yet.

The tourist uniform is T-shirts and blue jeans, plus boots and outdoor jackets with accessories of cowboy gold and silver. Imperturbable concierges, their crossed keys gleaming from their lapels, amazingly continue to advise an evening's entertainment at the Crazy Horse Saloon or the Moulin Rouge. Little knots of people gather as usual early in the morning for the bus excursions to Mont St. Michel and Chartres. That old friend, the "duty-free" shop, displays its customary collection of neckties and perfumes near the hotel door.

Up on the Avenue Marceau, near the Etoile, a place that jumps is Louis Vuitton. Vuitton luggage is one thing in Paris that is considerably cheaper than it is in the United States, and it attracts shoppers like flies, to the point where they are often willing to line up on the sidewalk outside the staid premises for a turn at the counters—although people in coats and ties still get waited on ahead of the T-shirts. French Vuitton is far superior (if only in the imagination) to what is made under license in California. The "hard stuff," that is the luggage covered with the essential brass hardware, is made only in France still. Who ever thought it would be necessary to be snobbish about suitcase factories?

Meanwhile the French press, that bath of scandal and sensibility, has been having an orgy over the fortieth anniversary of the beginning of the Second World War. "Dying for Danzig" was one headline over a full page in *Figaro*, and the *grandes plumes* of French journalism wallowed in that special field of rancorous political nostalgia which seems, when all else is lacking, to keep French newspapers going.

Daladier, Molotov, Laval, Ribbentrop, Chamberlain, to say nothing of Hitler and Stalin, were all propped up again for the ritual analyses, spiced with waspish quotations from Ciano's diaries. There were vignettes of Deauville and Biarritz in that hot end of August in 1939 which pictured the frivolity and self-centeredness of the low/high life of the 1930s version of the Ancien Regime. In the middle of it all came the 35th anniversary of the liberation of Paris, observed in a little rain-drenched ceremony at the Hôtel de Ville. If enough time has gone by, doom usually proves more amusing to remember than victory.

France has nothing like a Labor Day holiday to end the summer officially, but there is the *rentrée* at the onset of September nevertheless, the beginning of the school year, the resumption of government business, the end of the labor truce, and the launching of the fall fashions in every category. This year, as in New York, the spirit seems forced. The reviews wheeze about new books, new films, new ways of looking at life, even new politicians. Reductionalism and minimalism, approporiately vague, are the cultural passwords. Something is finally taking the place of Les Halles in the center of the city, where the graves of the old markets have lain empty for ten years. But all it turns out to be is a complex of boutiques that go down deep into the ground and peep up at the surface under plastic domes, basically just another Cherry Hill Mall. The spirit matches the vast show of Second Empire art at the Grand Palais, about which the critics are confused. Was this great outpouring of expensive artifacts, so exuberant and yet so sterile, art at all? One of them recalls a synthesizing anecdote. When Charles Garnier, the designer of the hyper-ornate new Paris opera house, showed his plans to the Empress Eugénie, she said to him: "It's beautiful, but what style is it?" "It's Second Empire, your majesty," the architect replied.

On the way to the airport, the back of the taxi is pasted with pictures of lighted cigarettes with big white Xs crossed over them. *Prière de ne pas fumer* says a neatly lettered sign. Perhaps Paris is, after all, more of an extension of New York than you might think. □

Mr. King has served as press attaché of the U.S. Embassy in Paris and was for three years a correspondent for UPI in Paris.

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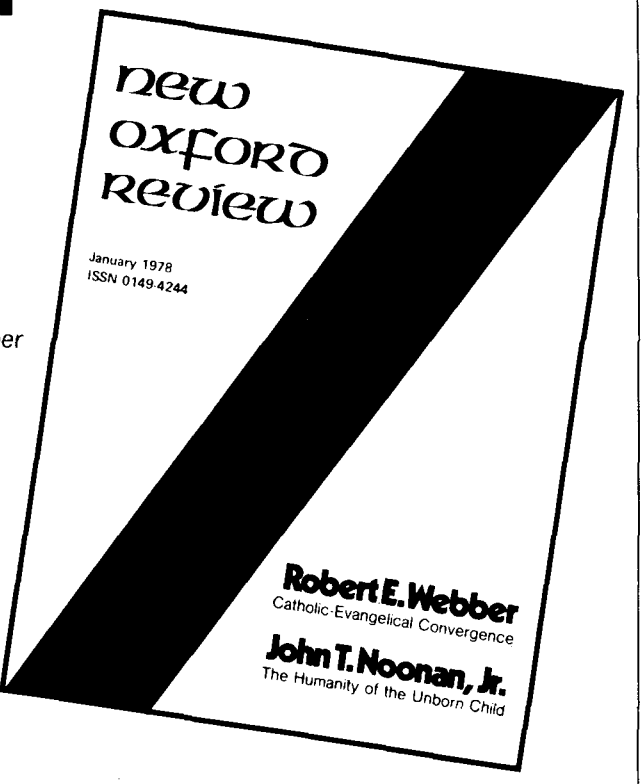
ATTENTION: Evangelicals, Catholics, Eastern Orthodox, and Other Believers



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Peter L. Berger on Religion and the American Future

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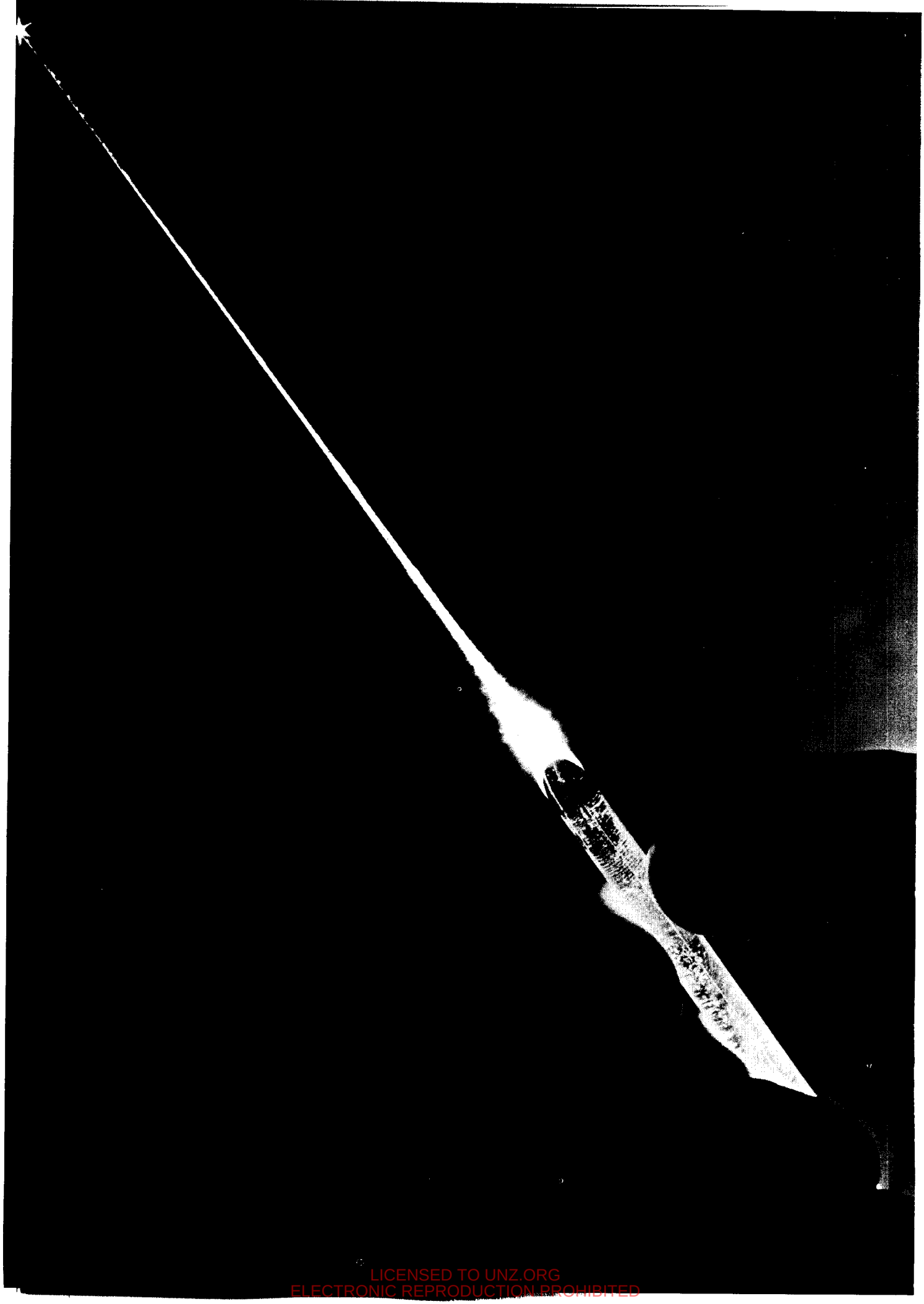

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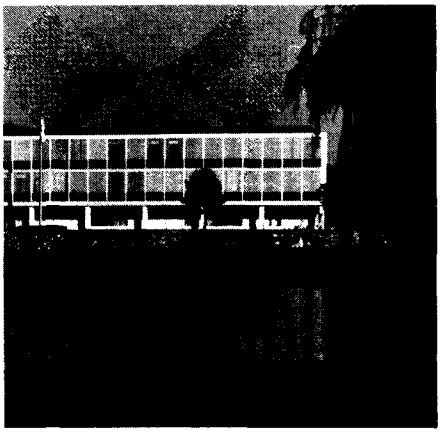

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TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

Thinking about Equality

MICHAEL NOVAK

IF THERE IS a new religious doctrine in the world today, it is equality. Dogmatic slumbers always injure true religion.

This is supposed to be the age of equality. Yet in no nation in the world today are human beings equal to one another. In every nation, perhaps most of all (ironically) in socialist nations, there are a relative few who are wealthier, more powerful, and often more intelligent, with better health, better teeth, permission to travel, perquisites of many sorts. To hold that egalitarianism is the leading ideal of our era is to live by mystification, in illusion and unreality.

From Oslo to Nairobi, from Moscow to Jakarta, from Havana to New York, the more powerful loom above the less powerful. Why do we allow ourselves to be deceived? Why can't we face reality as it is? Empirically, human beings are not equal. Morally, they should not be treated so except in certain crucial respects.

One of the great accomplishments of democratic capitalism is that, wherever it has taken root (the number of nations in which it has done so is hardly more than a score), it raises the material level of workers to a level far beyond the dire predictions of its enemies or the expectations of its own early dreamers. It is useful in this respect to read again the doomsaying of the 1930s, as for example Reinhold Niebuhr's *Reflections on the End of an Era*; the "twilights" predicted by socialists for democratic capitalism are almost as numerous as our daily sunset. In nation after nation, the proletariat has climbed upward into the middle class, acquiring homes, appliances, and automobiles at such a rate as to have caused today's "energy crisis." At any convention of truck drivers, the automobiles driven, the suits worn by the men and the gowns by the women, are scarcely distinguishable (in price if not in style) from those of professors, ordinary lawyers, or middle managers of large corporations. Statists today complain of the *embourgeoisement* of the working class. Many cite Lordstown (falsely) as evidence that the work force —once in daily danger of grievous injury or death—now suffers most from boredom.

In the United States, 97.7 per cent of all households bring in an income under $49,999. For 97.7 per cent of the population, then, there is a rather realistic equality of income, embracing electricians and professors and a majority even of lawyers. It is rather shocking to see how few Americans actually make more than $50,000 in one year, and of those how many do not manage to do so over very many years.

Statists frequently observe that "only one out of five youngsters will do better than his father." But one in five strikes the empirical ear as about right. In perhaps half of all cases, one would expect fathers to be superior in talent and dedication to at least some of their sons. Downward mobility is at least as frequent as upward mobility in fact, as in theory it ought to be in any free society that rewards individuals rather than families. It is not altogether easy to pass on the advantages of one generation to the next, and, at the very least, one out of five ought to fall lower, while one out of five moves higher.

The reality of downward mobility helps us to put into perspective, too, another dictum of the statists. (Statists most often raise the issue of inequality, because their real purpose is to expand the power of the state. They do want inequality in at least one place: between public power and multiple private powers. They want the state to impose such equality as nature and history have not imposed. They greatly esteem the moral superiority of the state over nature and history.) This dictum holds that the top 20 per cent of the American population by income (and/or wealth) is still as distant from the bottom 20 per cent as it was in 1910.

A moment's reflection on family experience, however, will remind millions of Americans that the *individuals* within these percentiles have certainly changed during sixty years. Some estimate that in every decade about half the individuals in the top quintile fall below that bracket, and about half the individuals in the bottom quintile rise above that bracket. In other words, the persistence of a top fifth and bottom fifth, and even their relative distance, does not immobilize the individuals within them. In any free society, individuals will be differentially distributed over a fairly broad range of talent, character, determination, education, and luck. Of each of these gifts, some will have considerably more than others, even within a single classroom. The top quintile for each of these endowments is likely to be as distant from the bottom quintile in 1980 as in 1910.

EMPIRICALLY, great fortunes are often lost in our sort of society, as once-powerful industries become obsolete and as families, for one reason or another, lose their knack. New fortunes are regularly being made. Many of the top executives of today's Fortune 500 were born into very poor families. Not a few sons and daughters of executives of the last generation are spending, rather than adding to, such inheritance as they once received. What goes up within two generations often, although not always, comes down within two more. A hard empirical eye, geared to observing the fate of individuals rather than statistical categories alone, discerns much churning motion.

In order to mask the substantive emptiness of their faith these days, many statists hold fast to inequality as a darling scandal to dwell upon; their favorite battle at the moment (they shift fronts as they lose battles) is against meritocracy. Here statists usually put forward two arguments. The first is an empirical one, namely, that individuals now in high positions did not get where they are solely by talent, effort, or character. The second is more principled: namely that, even if they did, what is the *moral standing* of having been endowed with greater talent, drive, or character? Re-

(Continues on page 1317)

Mr. Novak is a resident scholar of the American Enterprise Institute. His books include The Guns of Lattimer, The Joy of Sports, *and* The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics. *He also writes a column, "Illusions and Reality," for Universal Press Syndicate.*

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"Do you want the government prying into your finances? I'll show you how to keep them away."

A Message from Mark Skousen

Three years ago I met a field auditor with the Internal Revenue Service. At social gatherings, when the talk got around to the mess in Washington and everyone's gripes about the government, he would interrupt with, "Now what did you say your social security number is?"

He was joking—or so he said. But his words set me thinking. *If the government can catch me with a number, then the power to tax is indeed the power to destroy.*

I began to study the situation. I was appalled to discover how much the government and business groups could find out about my personal and financial affairs *without my even knowing it.*

But I also learned that there were steps I could take—perfectly legal steps—to keep the snoops out of my life.

Then, as I got deeper into the problem, I realized that other men and women were troubled too. They were angry, but they felt helpless to do anything about it. When I told them the simple steps they could take, for example, to protect their social security number, most of them just wouldn't believe me, until I actually proved it. One friend suspected his boss was spying on him. I showed him a free, easy way to find out whether his office phone was bugged. A friend of my wife's was having trouble with her husband. He was living beyond their means, spending their savings on heaven knows whom. I was able to show her how to store her valuables safely, outside her home and her safe deposit box.

But one thing I learned after three years of research. *Nobody had ever written a book about how I could protect my privacy.* It seemed that everybody was afraid of what the government would do to him.

Well, I don't consider myself a hero, but I decided to take on this project myself. After all, I am not doing anything illegal—or recommending anything illegal. My book is not for criminals. (They already know all the illegal methods.) It is for concerned citizens who *don't* want to break the law, but want to do everything possible to keep the government, business competitors, or prying relatives out of their private lives and their financial affairs.

My publisher calls the book **Mark Skousen's Complete Guide to Financial Privacy.** If secrecy, financial and otherwise, is one of your concerns, I'm certain my book will help you, in dozens of ways. For example:

- 5 reasons why you need financial privacy now.
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"Privacy from government is perhaps the most important thing in life right now."

—Harry D. Schultz

- The 10 best ways to hide your valuables.
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Unscrambling the Omelette

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

CONGRESSIONAL efforts to deal with growing health-care costs are like the proverbial separation of an omelette: once such a thing has been created, options for straightening it out are limited, and sticky.

Nonetheless, there are signs of hope in the current Congress. While media attention is predictably focused on Senator Kennedy's national health insurance bill and President Carter's riposte —both of which would serve to make our troubles worse—a new ingredient has been added to the debate: a growing comprehension of why we have a problem in this area, and a willingness to go after causes, instead of focusing on symptoms.

In the Kennedy-Carter approach to health-care costs, it is imagined the problem has fallen on us from the blue: for some reason nobody can understand, spending for medical services has been running out of control, marked by massive outlays for expensive technology, rising hospital room rates, etc. The assumption is that all of this has happened through the malfunctioning of private enterprise, and needs correction by the government.

An increasing number of lawmakers, however, have come to realize that the problem is just the other way around: the rising trend in health-care costs has been caused not by the private market, but by the government itself. A complex of federal programs and perverse tax incentives has shifted our system of medical payment to a "third-party" arrangement, in which someone other than the patient picks up the tab. With 60 per cent of physician services and 90 per cent of hospital charges handled on this basis, neither patients nor providers have much in the way of incentive to hold down costs.

The result is that the pricing mechanism no longer performs its usual regulatory function in restraining demand and equilibrating it with supply. Patients are encouraged to ask for the highest "quality" care, often with first-dollar coverage, while providers know that costs incurred in supplying the quality in question can be bucked to Uncle Sam or the insurers. The only thing that could possibly be more expensive is full-fledged national health insurance.

By slow degrees, an awareness of all this has permeated the Hill, thanks in considerable measure to the efforts of economists Martin Feldstein of Harvard, Alain Enthoven of Stanford, Clerk Havighurst and Paul Ginsburg of Duke, H. E. Frech of the University of California, Keith Leffler of the University of Washington, and Cotton Lindsay of UCLA. These and other specialists in medical economics have made it clear beyond all peradventure that our troubles with health-care costs will be remedied by getting back to market principles, not by getting further away from them.

Ingenious Efforts

To date, there is no single piece of legislation which tackles the problem on a comprehensive basis. But a series of proposals have evolved which would deal with various of these problems, including cost-plus reimbursement of providers under Medicare and Medicaid, and federal tax treatment of employer-based health-insurance schemes, which encourages both employers and employees to seek extensive first-dollar medical policies in place of taxable monetary income.

As noted in this column some months ago (November 25, 1977), Senator Herman Talmadge (D., Ga.) has submitted a bill (S-505) that would correct the cost-plus approach of Medicaid and Medicare. Rather than paying medical providers on the basis of their costs, Talmadge would establish a system of prospective Medicare-Medicaid rates, adjusted for size, location, and for other characteristics. Hospitals that wanted to charge more for a given service would be free to do so, but the patient would have to pay the difference out of pocket. Conversely, institutions that delivered the service more efficiently and less expensively would get a bonus payment.

An ingenious effort to reverse existing tax incentives on group insurance plans marks a number of bills and amendments submitted in the current session. The common thrust of these proposals is to alter the present arrangement which treats expensive medical insurance policies as tax-free compensation, while equivalent money in a payroll packet is subject to a (possibly heavy) tax. The idea is to revamp the system so that employees can choose less lavish plans if they desire, getting the difference in tax-free income.

HMOs

Thus a bill offered by Senator Richard Schweiker (R., Pa.) and co-sponsored by Senators Bellmon, Hatch, Cohen, Laxalt, and Schmitt (S-1590) would make the tax-deductibility of employer payments for medical plans conditional on the offering of policies that require employee co-payment, present a variety of policies to choose from, and give the employee the difference in cash between the employer's contribution and the monthly premium. The same idea is included in a bill submitted by Senator David Durenberger (R., Minn.), though this one (S-1485) is complicated by a requirement that two of the three health plans provided be Health Maintenance Organizations. (The assumption that HMOs are more cost-effective than fee-for-service medicine is, to say the least, debatable.)

On the House side, similar proposals have been made by Representives Jim Jones (D., Okla.) and Al Ullman (D., Ore.)—Jones emphasizing the co-payment option, Ullman leaning toward the Durenberger formulation. Representative David Stockman (R., Mich.), whose grasp of economic issues is consistently impressive, is preparing a bill that would apply the notion of cash incentive to Medicare and Medicaid themselves—offering participants the option of choosing private health-insurance plans, then receiving (or paying) the difference between the legislated stipend and the cost of the policy.

All of this remains to be put together in coherent fashion. But, for once, it appears that Congress is making headway against the omelette. □

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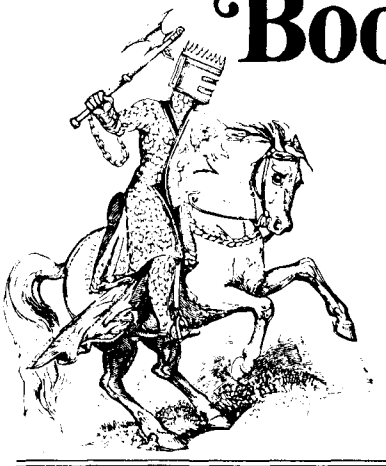
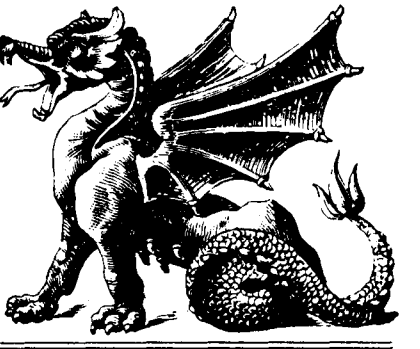


The New York Times versus C.S. Lewis



ROBERT C. DE CAMARA

WHO IS C. S. LEWIS and why is the *New York Times* out to get him?

C. S. Lewis, as many readers of NATIONAL REVIEW know, is the Oxford (later Cambridge) scholar and writer who died in 1963 and who was probably the most effective Christian apologist of this century, his only possible rival being G. K. Chesterton.

His works—literary criticism, Christian allegories (couched in children's books and science fiction), and apologetics—still sell briskly: two million copies a year, according to one published report. No less a born-again convert than Charles Colson credits Lewis' *Mere Christianity* with being the twitch upon the thread that brought him into the fold. Judging by the sales figures, far more numerous are the just-plain-folks who have gotten a stiff dose of straight Christianity from Lewis' books. His most dedicated admirers have formed C. S. Lewis societies here and abroad.

Clearly, Lewis' magnetism, which so strongly attracts some, necessarily repels others whose views are antipathetical to Christianity. Most threatened are those anomic intellectuals who make their living bandying what, without too much scrutiny, pass for ideas in this country's universities and journals. For Lewis' apologetics attack them where they are most vulnerable: on the field of reason. An immensely erudite man, a writer of clarity, precision, and dogged logic, witty and charming to boot, Lewis more than anyone else of our time has made Christianity intellectually respectable.

And—what must be most depressing to his spiritual opposites—the Lewis virus shows signs of spreading, not shriveling up. Just this year, three books about Lewis bearing the imprints of major publishing houses have appeared. The contagion is rampant. What to do, what to do?

Calm down. Something *is* being done, has been done already. The medics over at the *New York Times*, in a series of operations on these three recent books, have hacked and sliced and chopped away. But have they got the growth out? There's a rumor that the patient lived but the doctors died: committed professional suicide, as it were—or as it would be if grossly distorted reviewing could kill a reviewer's reputation, which is nowhere near certain.

The first bit of surgery was performed by John Leonard in his March 29 review of *The Inklings* by Humphrey Carpenter. It should be made clear at the outset that Leonard did not review the book, he reviewed Lewis (and to a lesser degree his pals who, with him at the hub, made up the loose Oxford literary and social grouping known as the Inklings). As far as the book's structure and style, strengths and weaknesses, are concerned, Leonard gives no clue.

His technique is not much different from the other reviewers': large doses of innuendo, unsubstantiated generalization, and ad hominem argument. These methods are most clearly illustrated in one astonishing paragraph just past the halfway point of the review, where he dispenses with the other Inklings and, pointing his finger directly at Lewis, lets fly with his grievances.

In this paragraph he rails at Lewis for: 1) bringing Christianity to the BBC; 2) being a slob; 3) tutoring disparate students; 4) being ignorant of politics; 5) refusing to think about his own personality; and 6) maybe not consummating his marriage.

AS TO THE ABOVE, yes, yes, yes, yes, no, and don't know. Let's look at these charges in a shade more detail.

Of 1) Lewis must plead guilty. But why is it a crime to speak about Christianity on the BBC and why is it an outrage to Leonard? Whatever his religion is, I'm sure the BBC has already given it equal time.

2) My dictionary says a "slob" is an untidy dresser. Lewis was not a dandy, but this piece of name-calling does seem the teensiest bit petty.

John Davenport, *author of* U.S. Economy, *was formerly editor of* Barron's *and an editor of* Fortune. . . . **Robert C. De Camara**, *a winner of four first-place awards from the Maryland-Delaware Press Association, is on the public-relations staff of the Armstrong Cork Company.* . . . **William Murchison** *is on the editorial staff of the* Dallas Morning News.

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3) I do not know what Leonard is driving at when he accuses Lewis of tutoring "such disparate students as John Betjeman and Henry Green." Presumably the reviewer, who has worked for such disparate publications as NATIONAL REVIEW and the *New York Times*, means something.

4) Leonard must be commended for restraint. To a later reviewer, Lewis was not only ignorant of politics but "fatuously" ignorant. Lewis' failing in this regard was due to his not keeping up with the daily papers, which, according to Carpenter, he considered inaccurate, sanctimonious, trivial, and incomprehensible.

5) Perhaps Leonard, when he alleges that Lewis "refused to think about to admit, his own personality," means that Lewis was not preoccupied with himself. That is not a sin among Christians; the reverse is. He did say in *Mere Christianity*, that of all things he knows, the thing he knows best is " . . . that particular man called myself . . ." *The Screwtape Letters* and other books reveal a profound psychological insight that could only have come from serious self-examination.

6) Is there any way to answer whether Lewis consummated his marriage without smearing oneself with the same goop that covers Leonard head to toe? Let's just observe that Lewis was quoted as saying, "I never expected to have in my sixties the happiness that passed me by in my twenties." Good for him. Let's also observe that when Lewis married, at 58, his wife was bedridden with the cancer that would kill her three years later.

These are Leonard's best punches. One other allegation toward the close of the review, which shows Leonard in full flower again, deserves some attention.

"That he [Lewis] was afraid of homosexuality is clear . . ." Clear to whom and in what way? What is implied? That he had homosexual impulses and feared he might succumb to them?

In *The Inklings*, Carpenter writes, "He does not appear ever to have felt any overt sexual attraction toward other men . . ." What does Lewis say in his autobiographical *Surprised by Joy*? "But the vice in question [homosexuality] is one to which I had never been tempted and which, indeed, I still find opaque to the imagination." (Lewis did not think that homosexuality was by any means the worst sin, although sin he thought it was. "Cruelty is surely more evil than lust," he wrote, "and the World at least as dangerous as the Flesh.")

On April 8, the *New York Times*' Sunday book section mounted a second assault on Lewis' reputation in another review of the same book. The reviewer this time was Christopher Ricks.

While not so fierce, it contains more than enough emotive language to satisfy the reader anxious to see Lewis and the other Inklings debunked.

Lewis wrote with "cunning passion." The Inklings were a "mutual-admiration society." They "were all keen to turn back the clock." (A very sensible thing to do when the clock is wrong, Lewis used to reply.) Lewis tried to pose as a plain and simple man but he was actually "complicated, riven, and turbulent." (A third reviewer, a few months later, found he "lived a life of remarkable regularity." Lewis was, it seems, one of those turbulent, stodgy types.) And—an old standby—the Inklings were "politically conservative and reactionary."

DOES "REACTIONARY" GIVE the impression that Lewis was a convinced democrat? He was. "I am a democrat because I believe in the Fall and therefore think men too wicked to be trusted with more than the minimum of power over other men." He hated totalitarianism, which was a subtheme of *That Hideous Strength*. He was equally opposed to Communism, Fascism, and Big Brotherism.

Paradoxically, he advised his readers that the economics of a truly Christian society would be socialistic. But he had no illusions that such a society would ever be established, certainly not in what he considered a post-Christian age; he was no believer in heaven on earth. Lewis' personal economics, meanwhile, were dictated by charity; he anonymously distributed the greater part of his huge royalties to the needy.

Politics actually played almost no part in the Inklings' conversation. In Carpenter's chapter reconstructing a typical gathering, the Inklings' sparse allusions to politics are only glancing. In another chapter, devoted to ascertaining whether the group had some ulterior common purpose (Carpenter decided it didn't), politics do not even rate a mention.

Ricks found the book full of (unspecified) anecdotes which confirmed his distrust of the Inklings. And he was

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE OCTOBER TITLES: Norman Podhoretz, *qua* author, has not been heard from for some time, but it now appears that the editor of *Commentary* has been writing a book. It is called *Breaking Ranks* (Harper, $15), and concerns a pilgrim's progress from liberalism to radical chic—and on into the groves of neoconservatism. . . . *White House Years* (Little, Brown, $20), by Henry Kissinger, deals with the author's first four years with the Nixon Administration, when, from 1969 to 1973, he served as Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs.

Frances FitzGerald's *America Revised* (Little, Brown, $8.95)—portions of which were published earlier in the year by *The New Yorker*—is a critique of the current crop of American history textbooks, which she finds reductive, simple-minded, biased, anti-intellectual, and propagandistic. It is hard to tell just what the author's perspective is on her subject, but presumably that is not necessarily germane. . . . If you have not been getting your back issues of *The New Republic* bound, you can slake your conscience by buying *The TRB Columns* (Macmillan, $12.95) by Richard L. Strout, a Pulitzer Prize winner. . . . Strobe Talbott, a diplomatic correspondent for *Time*, has written *Endgame: The Inside Story of SALT II* (Harper, $12.95). OK: but *caveat lector*.

■ WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS: Allen Tate Wood, grandson of the bard Allen Tate, used to be a grand mullah in Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church, and tells you about it in *Moonstruck: A Memoir of My Life in a Cult* (Morrow, $9.95). . . . Jean Kinney's *An American Journey* (Simon & Schuster, $11.95) is the tale of Willie Wolfe, formerly the companion of Patty Hearst, and an SLA member, now defunct. . . . Howard Jarvis' *I'm Mad as Hell* (Times Books, $9.95), written with Robert Pack, describes the origins and progress of Prop. 13. —CW

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glad to learn they sometimes got the comeuppance that, he must admit, they deserved.

He holds Lewis accountable for the fan mail he received. Among Lewis' letters was one thanking him "for having turned me into a reasoning and fairly lovable Christian. It seems I was quite the simpering little demon before reading *Screwtape*." How Lewis is to blame for this excess is not made clear.

The final part of the review is given over to what the *Times*' editors might have subheaded "The Greening of C. S. Lewis." (In the Leonard review, thanks to a spectacular typo, a section in which Leonard comments that Lewis had a talent for male friendship is prefaced "No Talent for Male Friendship.")

The "greening" part relates how Lewis and his wife met, fell in love, and married, and the sad outcome. Here Ricks's tone changes and he expresses all sympathy for Lewis. To give him his due, he does appear moved. But one can't help but wonder if Ricks has missed the point of Lewis' life, the essence of the man, when he seems to treat "this last love" as the most important feature of his life. It "made nonsense of some things in Lewis' earlier life . . ." Ricks pronounces. Lewis himself was careful, as the reviewer was not, to keep the right perspective on divine love and erotic, or romantic, love. "The human loves can be glorious images of divine love. No less than that: but also no more . . ." he wrote in *The Four Loves*, shortly after his marriage. God is love, love is not God.

Princeton's Samuel Hynes rushes to do battle with the "pudgy knight of the Round Table" in his July 8 review, again in the Sunday *Book Review*, of two books, *The Literary Legacy of C. S. Lewis* by Chad Walsh and *C. S. Lewis at the Breakfast Table*, edited by James T. Como.

To warm up, he engages in preliminary skirmishing with the entire body of Christians past and present. Reflecting that Lewis' readers must all be either children or the faithful, he advances the theory that this is because the two groups are united in a single quality of the imagination. They think things exist that can't be seen and they pin the label truth on this assumption (". . . accept myths of that other reality as a form of truth-telling").

If in Hynes's view these are only myths, and are without validity and not the proper stuff of books, he is eloquently contradicted by imposing figures in his own field of English literature. On the one hand, Milton, Spenser, Browne, Dr. Johnson, Herbert, Donne, Chesterton, Waugh, T. S. Eliot, Graham Greene, Flannery O'Connor. On the other . . . Samuel Hynes.

HE DIGS THE PIT deeper in the next sentence of his review with another observation about Christians and children. They are disposed to dramatize morality, to see "Good going forth to fight Evil." Well, yes. But surely this is one of the great and enduring themes of literature. To the foregoing names, add Dante, Cervantes, and Goethe.

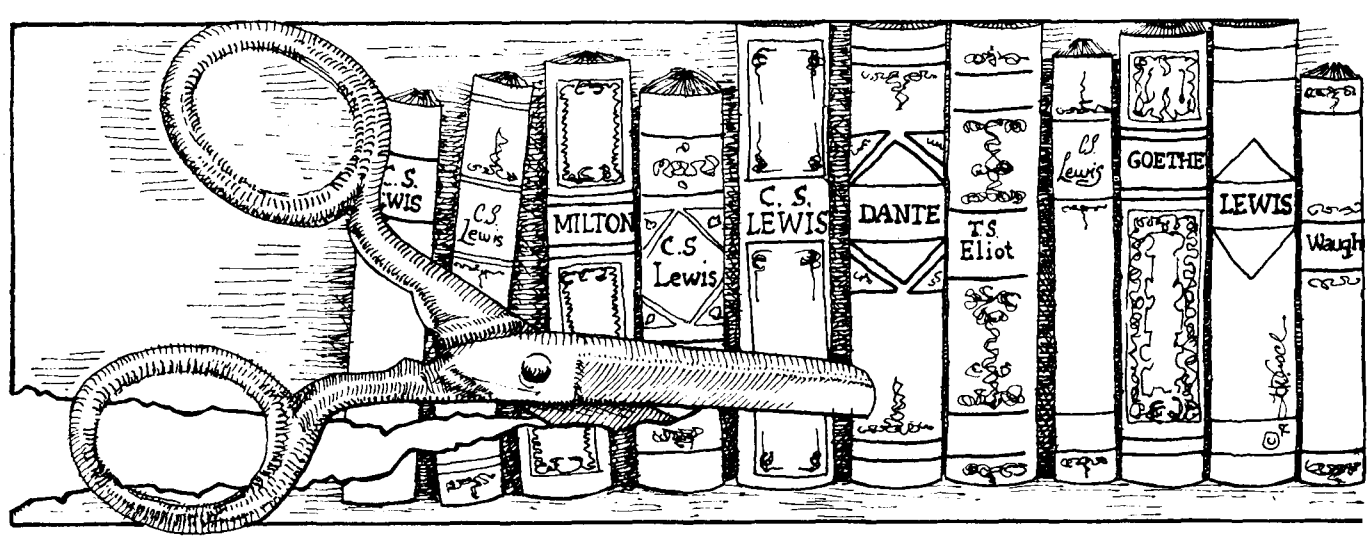
What is the explanation for this? There is a clue later on when Hynes says, in connection with Lewis' novels, that "To the realist, these fantasies make fiction too easy, dress up moral problems in fancy clothes and magic, and evade the drab difficulties of being merely human." Lewis would have responded that Hynes's realism is unrealistic and that there is no such thing as a mere human. Here's what he did say, in a sermon in 1942: "There are no ordinary people. You have never talked to a mere mortal. Nations, cultures, arts, civilization—these are mortal, and their life is to ours as the life of a gnat. But it is immortals whom we joke with, work with, marry, snub, and exploit—immortal horrors or everlasting splendors."

Hynes, then, is a self-described realist, although naturalist is a more precise term. Whichever he is, he has not strained against his prejudices to give the supernaturalist Lewis a fair hearing. There is not space here for the whole dreary list of epithets he slings at Lewis; I will merely focus briefly on three bald assertions:

Lewis was "not too scrupulous about how he won" arguments with "enemies of the faith."

Most of Lewis' arguing took place at Oxford's Socratic Club and was conducted by both sides according to club rules. If Hynes will trouble to obtain a copy of *God in the Dock*, he will find sample arguments there. They are notable for good manners, avoidance of personal issues, and adherence to the rules of logic.

"Lewis knew nothing about science, except that he hated it."



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What Lewis hated and feared was a trend toward ever more sophisticated technologies at the service of ever more immoral men. In *The Abolition of Man*, he contends that men are misusing science to dominate and exploit nature for selfish ends and that human beings are next in line. "Nothing I can say will prevent some people from describing this lecture as an attack on science," he writes. "I deny the charge, of course; and real natural philosophers . . . will perceive that in defending [the objective] value [of nature] I defend inter alia the value of [scientific] knowledge . . ."

"His Christianity was an outsider's religion."

This is not just wrong, it is opposite of the truth. Lewis spends some time in the preface to *Mere Christianity* explaining that the book is a defense "of the belief that has been common to nearly all Christians at all times." It is this orthodox belief that the title refers to. "For I [am] not writing to expound something I could call 'my religion' but to expound 'mere' Christianity, which is what it is and was what it was long before I was born and whether I like it or not."

Hynes even has the ability to peer into the minds of psychologists and inform us they would attribute Lewis' "estrangement" from society to "his unhappy childhood." But why go on?

Although it is unsafe to say the *New York Times* has a corporate position on Lewis, its reviewers have attempted to see that his readers shall see through Lewis. But this "seeing through" business is tricky. A window is to see through. But, Lewis asked, what if you could also see through the garden and the street outside the window? The person who sees through everything sees nothing. □

Shall America Be Defended?:
SALT II and Beyond
By Daniel O. Graham,
Lt. Gen. (Ret.)
Arlington House, 267 pp., $10.95

MAD ON SALT

WILLIAM MURCHISON

Surveying the world crisis thirty years ago, James Burnham saw plainly enough what it would take for the United States to triumph over Communism.

"The crux . . ." wrote Burnham, "is in the will. Does the United States *choose* to win? Can it make the necessary *decision*? Is it going to have, at the required tension, the *will* to survive? The answer to this triply phrased question is the determinant of the future."

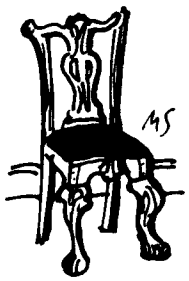
As it was in the beginning of the cold war, so it is now, General Daniel Graham would persuade us. So it shall be for as long as the Communist challenge endures—which may be forever. Will is what counts. We have the means, the money, the know-how to hold the Soviets at arm's length, to discourage them from launching a nuclear war. But having such things is not the same as deploying them.

Burnham—who titled his book *The Coming Defeat of Communism*—believed he recognized in his countrymen the will to prevail. Graham, thirty years later, is less sure.

We don't want to fight with nuclear weapons, and so we suppose that the Soviets do not wish to either. We suppose further that, by making concession after concession on nuclear arms limitation, we will somehow protect, even strengthen, ourselves.

Madness! you exclaim. Yes, indeed, replies Graham. Spell it MADness, though—a rarefied looniness brought on by leaning too long upon the dishonest strategic doctrine of Mutual Assured Destruction, hereinafter known as MAD. We have got to come to our senses, Graham warns us compellingly. It is late in the day. The orange edges of sunset throw into relief a United States in deadly military peril.

Such is the burden of Graham's book, which itself becomes a burden on the mind, its intensely serious message lingering long after the final page is turned.



If it were Graham alone uttering such things—never mind his expertise as a former head of the Defense Intelligence Agency—one might successfully ignore him. What is one general in the face of so many experts arguing for ratification of the SALT II treaty without changes, without any renewed commitment to military spending?

Daily it becomes plainer, though, that Graham is not the leader of a corporal's guard of diehards, yearning for the good old days of American superiority. He voices concerns shared by increasing numbers of senators and military men—and plain everyday patriots, too, one would suppose. Even Henry Kissinger, a co-author of detente and the first SALT treaty, has warned that SALT II should be "coupled with a defense program representing an obligatory understanding between the Congress and the President which overcomes on an urgent basis the grave peril posed by the current military balance."

But we are back to General Graham. Have we the will to do these things? If Graham is uncertain, at least he knows why.

The United States never had much of a nuclear strategy, even in the high noon of its daunting nuclear supremacy. The "massive retaliation" doctrine of Eisenhower's day (roughly: We'll blast you to kingdom come if you mess around with us) had major faults—principally the United States' reluctance actually to launch an all-out nuclear war.

Flawed though it was, "massive retaliation" was superior to what succeeded it—Robert McNamara's strategy of Mutual Assured Destruction. This meant that the United States and the Soviet Union should terrify each other into peacefulness. Under MAD, we would aim our main blows at civilian and industrial targets. The Soviets would understand that, if they attacked, they would be destroyed as a modern nation. It was more than unfair, then, for the United

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States to hold a nuclear edge—it was aggressive and bellicose. For MAD to work—for fear of the holocaust to reign supreme on both sides—we had to weaken ourselves relative to the Soviets. Which, as it turned out, was just what we did.

Alas, the Soviet leaders failed to see the beauty of the McNamara doctrine. Believing a nuclear war to be eminently winnable, they set their hearts on achieving outright superiority. With the consummation of SALT II—if, in fact, it is consummated—they will be nearer their goal than ever.

The ground that Graham traverses with such care and clarity is not unfamiliar. Criticisms of the MAD doctrine are as old as the doctrine itself. But *Shall America Be Defended?* (hardly, in Graham's view, a rhetorical question these days) is valuable for tracing MAD's career as saboteur of American will. MAD led the United States not just to give up its superiority but to base its strategy on the killing of civilians, our own as well as the Soviets'. It was founded, moreover, on the fear of nuclear war, not on recognition of the realistic prospects for winning such a war. Fear is not an ingredient in the concoction of will power.

THE BOOK is not so much about SALT II as it is about what led up to SALT—and what waits for us beyond it. The terms of the treaty are rather beside the point, Graham would have us understand, "so long as American officials are bound by a doctrine which tells them not to do anything which would limit damage to the United States."

Still, Graham finds the treaty a bad one. It fails to restrain the production of missiles, dealing as it does with launchers and not the number of missiles each launcher can fire. The Soviet Backfire bomber, an aircraft of intercontinental range, is not counted.

The treaty, moreover, confers on the Soviets "a monopoly in 'super-heavy' highly accurate ICBMs," namely the SS-18. After wiping out most of our defenses with SS-18s—which carry ten to 14 individually targetable warheads—the Kremlin would still have more ICBMs than we had to begin with.

There is more to say against the treaty. Yet what matters to Graham is not written on paper; it is written in our hearts and minds, the letters spelling out either fresh commitment to the purposes of defense or else resignation to the reality that nothing more can or need be done.

The lettering cannot just now be made out. But the SALT debate, as it proceeds, may in due course illuminate it. The sight is one to be awaited with trembling hands and panting heart. □

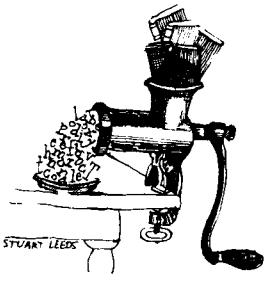
Self-Destruct: Dismantling America's Internal Security
By Robert Morris
Arlington House, 348 pp., $12.95

THE WISDOM OF INTELLIGENCE

JOHN A. DAVENPORT

Over the past several winters, Atlantic storms have been tearing with unusual fury at the beaches along the coast of southern New Jersey, endangering the homes of those who live there year-round. One such resident, Judge Robert Morris, has so far avoided catastrophe by painstaking effort: he has built a series of storm fences to protect the dunes and transplanted tufts of grass to hold their shifting sands in place. Now in a new book, *Self-Destruct: Dismantling America's Internal Security*, Morris applies this lesson on a national scale. It is time, and past time, that the U.S. repaired and rebuilt the military and diplomatic ramparts that might protect us against Communist subversion at home and the steady inroads of Soviet power abroad.

This is admittedly not an original theme, and, had Morris published his book even a year ago, it might well have been greeted with catcalls or just plain yawns by those who assured us that in the wake of defeat in Vietnam, American power and prestige were gone for good, and who indeed welcomed this diminution of a once puissant Republic. Detente rode high, defense rode low, and anyone talking of the Communist threat could be safely dismissed as little more than a burnt-out leftover of McCarthy witch-hunting.



But times, no less than tides, change their flow, and today even in Jimmy Carter's Washington there are some indications that our pacifist liberals sniff danger in the air. As well they might. The fall of Iran, the butchery in Cambodia, the fate of the Vietnam "boat people," not to mention the subversion of Nicaragua, have made the likes of Jane Fonda reconsider some of *their* burnt-out assumptions. As Ben Wattenberg, senior fellow in the American Enterprise Institute, argued a few weeks ago in the unlikely purlieus of the *New York Times Magazine*, we are bit by bit relearning the old and, until recently, disregarded maxims of American statecraft: military and diplomatic power *counts*. Freedom *counts*. And if the West is to preserve freedom, it had best pull up its bootstraps.

Judge Morris has never doubted these basic propositions, and his career has peculiarly fitted him to expose in detail the nature of the Communist threat and conspiracy. Born in 1915, Catholic-educated, Morris served in the Navy's counter-intelligence service in World War II, and in the Fifties he became chief counsel for the now defunct Internal Security Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, whose probing and objective inquiries into the darker corners of U.S. foreign policy (notably in the case of our betrayal of Nationalist China) drew commendation even from members of the august American Bar Association.

From that cat-bird seat, Morris had an unrivaled opportunity to scrutinize Communist techniques worldwide, and when he left Washington to become President of the University of Texas and later the University of Plano, Texas, he carried with him the mental equipment to continue exploring the Marxist challenge. *Self-Destruct* is the distillation not just of his years in government service but also of his observations ever since, as U.S. foreign policy has allowed the Kremlin to build a bristling military base in Cuba, ninety miles from our shores, and as the actions and words of our State Department have favored the destruction of Rhodesia by Soviet-armed terrorists and the larger

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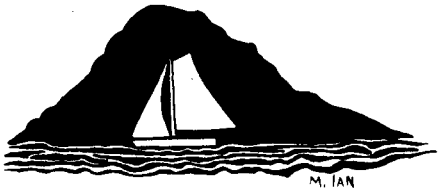

Soviet purpose of cutting our supply lines around South Africa's Cape of Good Hope.

The story—encompassing events from secret agreements made at Yalta to present debate over SALT II, and including the widespread recognition that the Soviets now outclass the U.S. in nuclear capability—is not a pretty or a simple one. Nor does Morris attempt to pummel his material into strict historical sequence. His method is rather to pick out widely separated episodes or topics which in one way or another illustrate the cunning of Soviet and Chinese strategy and the failure of the West to understand and respond to it. The technique presents its own literary difficulties, but it also allows Morris to play his flashlight along intriguing bypaths: the part which Lee Harvey Oswald may have played in furnishing Russia with information that allowed them to shoot down the U-2 surveillance plane; the part which the British traitors Philby, Burgess, and Maclean played in General MacArthur's repulse at Yalu; the certainty that, to a far greater extent than is generally recognized, the Soviets have from the beginning been able to infiltrate the whole United Nations apparatus and to manipulate the Third World vote.

In broader perspective, Morris' book raises two critical questions: How does a free and open society like the U.S. protect itself against the closed and conspiratorial societies of Communism? And how and when will we learn to distinguish our friends from our implacable foes? On the first point Morris deplores the gutting of the FBI and the CIA—not because they never made mistakes, but because in the world as it is, intelligence is a primary requisite if our free society is to survive at all. He likewise pleads for the re-establishment by Congress of those committees on internal (and external) security which it has so recklessly dismantled just when they are most needed.

On the second question—distinguishing friend from foe—Morris bids us to cut through the inanity of seeking to create "pure" and "perfect" democracies all over the world, and to stop pushing for "coalitions" that favor Communist take-overs. Rather we should openly support those nations which (as in the case of Rhodesia) are making an effort to forge legitimate and constitutional governments that can give people what they hunger for—liberty combined with respect for law and order.

In pressing his argument Morris credits Andrew Young with the incredible statement, "It may take the destruction of Western civilization to allow the rest of the world to emerge as a free and brotherly society." Morris has taken the measure of such "free and brotherly" societies as have been emerging in our times, and does not like what he sees. As he goes about mending his storm fences on the beaches of Mantoloking, N.J., he bids Western and Christian civilization to do likewise. □

SWELL LETTERS

The White Album
By Joan Didion
Simon & Schuster, 223 pp., $9.95

DE TENUISSIMIS CLAMAVI

JOHN SIMON

Wouldn't you like to be Joan Didion? A lovely young woman whose every novel is hailed as superlative by the critics and whose every collection of essays is saluted as so much better than her fiction? Oh, to be married to an understanding fellow writer; to have an adopted daughter whom you love so much that you measure time and history by her ages (the new house you moved into when she was five, the terrible flood when she was 12); to be of good Western pioneer stock, yet equally at home in chic, sophisticated New York and eccentric, manic California; to be able to pack yourself off, when you need solitude for the writing of a book, to the luxurious Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu or to the childhood house in Sacramento, where your loving parents will still make you feel protectedly secluded in your adolescent surroundings.

In New York, even your daughter would be talking to Carl Bernstein; in Los Angeles, Janis Joplin and David Hockney would drop in at your house, and Roman Polanski would spill red wine on your white dress. When you were not interviewing or profiling Nancy Reagan or Eldridge Cleaver, you and your husband would be writing screenplays for Otto Preminger or Barbra Streisand (what matter if they never got made—the fun, as one of Miss Didion's essays informs us, is all in the wheeling and dealing), and the *Los Angeles Times* would name you one of its "Women of the Year." But, oh, the price you would have to pay for it! Sensitivity such as Miss Didion bulges and bristles with takes its toll, and she wastes no time in informing us of it in her new collection of essays, *The White Album*.

She has, first, to pay for it with a disorder that might be some form of multiple sclerosis, which alerts her to "what it [is] like to open the door to the stranger and find that the stranger [does] indeed have the knife." A thorough psychiatric examination reveals attacks of vertigo and nausea, but also that "in quality and level of sophistication [the] patient's responses are characteristic of . . . high average or superior intelligence." Worst of all, perhaps, are the migraines that condemn Miss Didion, from three to five times a month, to whole days in bed, in pain and lost to the world. The only consolation is that, just as the vertigo and nausea do "not now seem to [her] an inappropriate response to the summer of 1968," so the "migraine personality . . . tends to be ambitious, inward, intolerant of error . . . perfectionist." Yes, horrible as attacks of vertigo and nausea, not to mention weekly migraines, may be, their ache is mitigated when seen as an earnest of concern with a world gone haywire and the kind of perfectionism that has the victim "spending most of a week [presumably the parts unencroached on by headaches and nausea] writing and rewriting and not writing a single paragraph."

But that is not all that sensitivity costs you. It also costs you peace of mind and inflicts strange compulsions. Having met and followed around two Zuma Beach lifeguards on their daily

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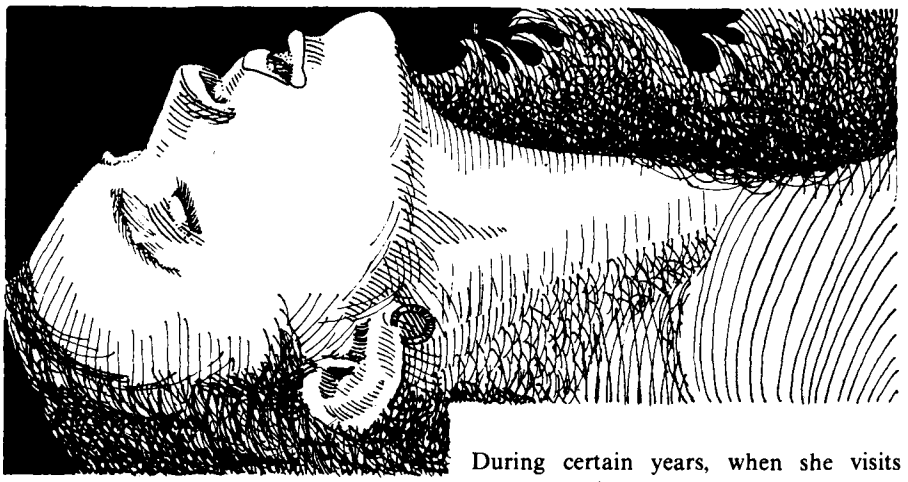

rounds, Miss Didion is haunted by them: "Although I have not gone back there is no day when I do not think of Leonard McKinley and Dick Haddock and what they are doing, what situations they face. . . ." And water itself absorbs her more than its guardians: "I will be talking to someone in Los Angeles, say, or New York, and suddenly the dam [Hoover] will materialize . . . I will be driving down Sunset Boulevard, or about to enter a freeway, and abruptly those power transmission towers will appear before me. . . ." She is fascinated by whence and how her drinking water reaches her; it is a reverence for water taking "the form of this constant meditation upon where the water is . . . [on] the movement of water through aqueducts . . ." She even wanted to *be* the water one day, and she wants it still. And when she is not yearning for the aqueous state, she longs for a moist atmosphere: "All my life I had been trying to spend time in one greenhouse or another, and all my life the person in one greenhouse or another had been trying to hustle me out."

And then there are the fears and disturbing obsessions. First the permanent kind, such as the one that began when a stranger entered her house and claimed to be from Chicken Delight, only to be routed by the appearance of her husband. The intrepid author takes down the license number of the intruder's panel truck. "During those years I was always writing down the license numbers of panel trucks . . . circling the block . . . parked across the street . . . idling at the intersection."

Some fears are only semi-permanent. During certain years, when she visits her mother-in-law, she must avoid at all cost looking at six lines of a goody-goody framed poem on the wall; during her many stays in Hawaii, she has "never driven into Schofield [Barracks, which she seems to visit frequently]" without hearing the six lines of the blues that end *From Here to Eternity*. Heading for the California State Water Project Operations Control Center, she thinks almost constantly of six lines by Karl Shapiro; driving one day from Sacramento to San Francisco, she must turn the radio all the way up "to erase six words from her mind," Ezra Pound's *Petals on a wet black bough*, for they "signal [that year] the onset of anxiety and fright."

On a flight to Hawaii, she cannot stop thinking of six overheard words spoken by a male passenger to a woman: "You are driving me to murder." (Six is a distinctly unlucky number for Miss Didion.) Sometimes, though, the haunting is more vague: "Quite often I reflect on the big house in Hollywood, on 'Midnight Confessions,' and on [the murder of] Ramon Novarro and on the fact that Roman Polanski and I are godparents to the same child. . . ." Wistfully she concludes that writing has not yet helped her find the answers; but when, I wonder, has she time to write, what with those constant obligations to think of Leonard McKinley and Dick Haddock, Hoover Dam and quotations from Karl Shapiro and James Jones, compulsions to write down numbers of panel trucks, follow the course of California water in her mind, get hustled out of greenhouses, and meditate on Ramon Novarro and her shared godparenthood with Roman Polanski?

The life of a sensitivity freak is not an easy one, I tell you. Throughout *The White Album* Miss Didion must walk through a forest of doomsday symbols so alarming that she cannot see a single tree. And all the time she is driven to confess her fatal virtues, her devastating, apocalyptic awareness. Thus the bottle of Château Léoville-Poyferré she is treated to in a fashionable Bogota restaurant is, at "$20 American," merely "indifferent"; thus she cannot tell you the real reason Governor Reagan's unfinished mansion makes her shudder "without getting into touchy . . . and finally inadmissible questions of taste, and ultimately of class"; thus she feels dreadful guilt on one of her sojourns at her Honolulu luxury hotel: "To sit by the Royal pool and read *The New York Review of Books* is to feel oneself an asp, disguised in a voile beach robe, in the very bosom of the place." After reading such outpourings of hypersensitivity in quotidian conflict, one feels positively relieved to be an insensitive clod.

Joan Didion can write well enough, observe and overhear oddities sharply, and display sumptuously a Cassandran intellect. But I don't want to read about Honolulu, for instance, through the voile veil of her constant desire (as she puts it) to have me know precisely who she is and where she is and what is on her mind. Can't she let her sensitivity be an automatic byproduct, as in her better essays it sometimes is? There is a world out there beyond what the world means to Joan Didion. □

Passion Play
By Jerzy Kosinski
St. Martin's Press, 271 pp., $10.95

BIG REJECT

D. KEITH MANO

This? You mean *this* is the illustrious, National Book Awarded Jerzy Kosinski? I haven't felt so chapfallen since I found out that Salisbury steak was no more than a social climbing Quarter Pounder. Oh, I'll confess it (with relief now): I didn't read *Steps* or *The Painted Bird*. But *Passion Play* is affidavit enough: no one could write with such shabbiness, with such consistent and painstaking negligence, unless he had

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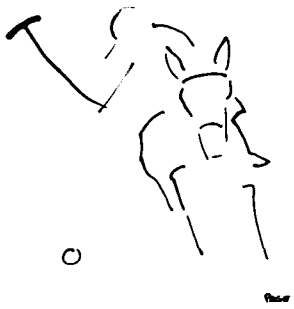
a God-given flair for mediocrity. They ought to seat Kosinski in the kitchen at Elaine's.

Let me give you one synecdochic quote: just one. No reason at all why we both should suffer. ". . . horsemen trailing Olympic glory mingled with polo players and matchless jockeys who had ridden their host's Thoroughbreds to victory. At the pool, they socialized with wizards of industry and finance, designers from Malibu and Big Sur, political impresarios and their cronies from Washington and New York, the sharks of Palm Beach bridge and backgammon tournaments. In the evening, nightclub performers, released from their Miami engagements, dropped by to hold court, perhaps to entertain, often staying over to lend their glamor to a game of golf or tennis."

Tawdry, huh? Kind of lies there like gum under a luncheonette counter. Try it: how many verbal pensioners can you spot in that quotation? "Trailing glory . . . mingled . . . ridden to victory . . . wizards of industry . . . dropped by . . . hold court," and onward, downward. Kosinski could stand a course in remedial imagination. Beyond that: the entire description of rich-folk-at-play is wonderfully undistinguished (as are *all* his descriptions). Beyond that: note the comma usage. This isn't a writer's style: it's a typist's style. First draft clauses necklaced together with absolutely no felt obligation to the English language. Kosinski, I believe, is a pseudonym for Harold Robbins. But with this significant difference: Harold must know that his fiction is just so much oakum caulking. While Jerzy (with ten or 15 accomplices in the New York literary ghetto) can somehow affect great moral seriousness.



Robbins and Kosinski adopt the same whoreson commercial sales-song: they hedgehop from one scene of violence or lewdness or foreseeable grotesquery to another. Their fiction reels off like a movie trailer: all highpoints: and the rest isn't literature. In *Passion Play*, Fabian—a middle-aging, unhandsome polo hustler—has to serve as Kosinski's docent through the grossness gallery. *Passion Play* has less structure than a quart of ectoplasm. Fabian will commute (in his horse-trailer-*cum*-home) from violent vignette X to obscene vignette Y: compounding the nation's and the reader's energy shortage. Kosinski is a sensationalist: an idea man. He should be poolside in Chula Vista packaging three-page treatments for Dino de Laurentiis.

And what is Fabian? A symbol, need you ask? The Last Cowpoke: trying not to lose his freedom or his polo shirt in our conformist, computer-banked society. This theme is so commonplace that six films per year are hung on it: The Vanishing Eskimo, The Vanishing Spat-Maker, etc. Mr. Lonely. Mr. Forthright (so forthright he can thrash one poor woman because, more or less, she's ugly and watches TV). A man who has written books on safe horsemanship. Who will donate his read reading matter to the local library. Who will, on slow nights, park at a hospital: so he can entertain the terminally cancerous with polo memorabilia. Bluff. Compassionate. On the move. Manly as a Brut ad. Fabian is just too good to be fiction. John Wayne would've chucked up his chuck.

And Fabian is Kosinski's sexual plaything. He can enter, unjudgmentally, into transsexual love, bondage, anal action—pick one from column A or B. So inelastic and cheap is Kosinski's prose that Miss Lillian on the Peace Corps would be more arousing. But Kosinski has to lapel-grab: he depends on the outrageous event: a murderous polo match, a wild-horse massacre, an orgy. You could slip into coma otherwise. There is a Plato's Retreat scene in *Passion Play* written with such dull reportorial detail that one might think Kosinski had (some gall) discovered or even invented this new American environment. I could forgive him if there were a single gnat's-bladder worth of humor in the man. But Kosinski has no style: and humor is a function of style. On the last page Fabian opts for love: he will charge, Don Quixotic, across an airport tarmac to flag down his lady. Shucks, not in time. This episode is meant to be moving. I prefer Ex-Lax.

You probably know this anecdote. Some months ago an agent did *The Painted Bird* up as an anonymous manuscript: then sent it out to 15 publishing houses. Big reject: reject even from Kosinski's own publisher. At the time I thought it a small scandal. Now, having read *Passion Play*, I suspect it was an expression of editorial good taste. □

DELECTATIONS

NOTES FROM TUSCANY

NIKA HAZELTON

As I prepare to depart for America, I pass along to you several pages from my Italian notebooks:

LIKE THEIR MASTERS, Italian dogs eat pasta. It looks like whole-wheat macaroni, and it is cooked and, preferably, dressed with a little oil and whatever scraps cling to the master's cooking pan. I cooked myself some (to the horror of those around me), and it was certainly not ideal, but not nearly as unpleasant as American dog cereal, which I have also tasted. I am told dog rice exists too; I have not encountered this yet, but will look for it.

IN FLORENCE, the Ponte Vecchio has become an Arab *suq*, populated not by Arabs, but by hippies from around the world, selling little chains and unidentifiable objects, dealing heavily in drugs, or just lying around. The memory of the man who put a water fountain on the Ponte Vecchio, where hippies wash their feet and other parts of their bodies, has been cursed by the merchants on the bridge, many of them expensive jewelers. It is difficult enough to push your way through during the day, and at night it's either me or them. The police have closed their eyes to the problem, since, technically, these wrecks of boys and girls are doing nothing that is illegal.

Unlike Rome's sightseeing attractions, those of Florence are concentrated within a small space, and a Roman like myself always wonders at the smallness of the city. Rome absorbs people, however awful-looking they may be, in its vastness, but not Florence. This austere city

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is not made for the crowds of youthful travelers in shorts and tank tops—or, in these hot days, shorts alone. (It must be said that a large number of Italian men also think that a hairy, sweaty torso and bent, hairy, sweaty legs are irresistible.) All the youth of America and Europe seem to have descended on Florence this year, each munching half a pound of peaches or stretching a cappuccino for hours. On the other hand, the shops are more elegant and beautiful than ever, and anything but cheap. It may be a comfort to some that Gucci and Ferragamo shoes and bags cost a little less in Florence than they do in New York; but they're not all that much cheaper.

BACK IN PERGO, our village near Cortona, all is quiet and most respectable in appearance and demeanor. The foreigners in our valley look, sound, and act remarkably like characters from Aldous Huxley's *Those Barren Leaves.* On Sunday, the whole village joined in the Mass for our priest's parents, who renewed their vows at the their fiftieth anniversary. It was most touching; the elderly couple had started work in the fields at the age of seven and still work hard. Their pride and joy, and justly so, is our beloved parish priest Don Giuseppe, who held the festive Mass, complete with bishop, papal benediction, and photographs at the altar.

THE MOTORINO is basically a motorized bicycle, with the virtues of being cheap to buy, simple to operate, and extremely easy on gas, and requiring no license for either itself or the rider. In addition to being the loafing teenagers' joy as they ride noisily up and down the village streets, the *motorino*, like television, has emancipated our country women. Where once they had to walk, often for hours, to get to their work, they now zoom around on the *motorino*, both handles heavily laden with the day's shopping and anything else that can go into our classic plastic totes. Or the women ride behind their men, sitting daintily sidesaddle and never falling off, however old they are, however rough the road. But there is more emancipation afoot—you now will often see a girl in the driving seat, with the boy clinging to her on the back. The *motorino* is what every country child wants from the age of three on, and often gets at the age of 11 or 12, here in our conservative parts. □

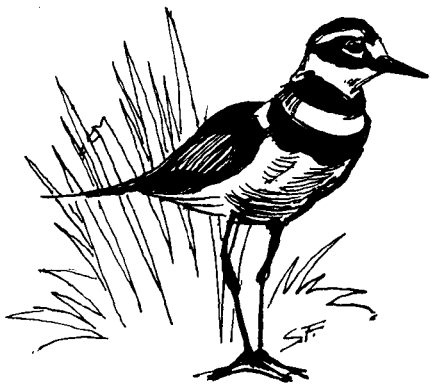
BOOKS IN BRIEF

DECIDING WHAT'S NEWS: *A Study of CBS Evening News, NBC Nightly News, Newsweek, Time, by Herbert J. Gans (Pantheon, 393 pp., $12.95).* Sociologist Herbert Gans spent several months, in the late Sixties and again in the mid-Seventies, at CBS, NBC, *Time*, and *Newsweek*. He spoke with editors and reporters. He read letters from readers. He assessed copy and film. The result is this tedious analysis of news decisions, over-written and ideologically skewed. The work is marginally useful as a catalogue of news production—what stories are covered, who is quoted, what journalists think about. But that information could have been collected into a short magazine article. Gans provides instead more than three hundred pages of tiresome analysis, platitude on top of cliché, all in the most agonizing sociologese. He concludes that journalists are sympathetic to the Establishment, the "enduring" values—order, altruistic democracy, responsible capitalism, small-town pastoralism, individualism. To correct this "conservative" bias, Gans proposes a National Endowment for News, patterned after the Endowments for the Arts and Humanities. This would promote "multiperspectival" news, or news from more sources and ideologies (Gans is especially concerned that socialism gets too little support in the media) than are now available. Public television is merely the beginning of Gans's visionary media network, subsidized by government. The irony is that Gans believes that government will promote diversity, not regulate conformity.

PAUL A. GIGOT

HIDDEN TERRORS: *The Truth About U.S. Police Operations in Latin America, by A. J. Langguth (Pantheon, 345 pp., $3.95).* If you're an American in Latin America, anything you do can be held against you. Recently, for example, the *New York Times* carried a story about the enslaving of Haitian cane-cutters by Dominicans, which has been going on for decades; only now, it seems *we* are to blame: we've helped the Dominican Republic to modernize its police force. Mr. Langguth carries the same logic with him in his book-length attempt to link the torture of political prisoners in Brazil and Uruguay to the police-modernization technicians we supplied to those countries at their request—specifically to U.S. police expert Dan Mitrione, who was kidnapped and killed by the Tupamaros in 1970. Though he relates in minute detail Mitrione's exemplary life in the "horrible" profession of policeman, Langguth is unable to furnish any evidence that Mitrione engaged in or condoned torture. Yet with innuendo, some of it from anonymous sources and some from the mouths of exiled youth leaders, he manages to blacken the reputation of Mitrione and every other American actively opposed to the Communist infiltration of Latin America. Ever since the Uruguayan intellectual José Enrique Rodó wrote *Ariel* at the turn of the century to compliment his fellows for their fortitude in resisting American "materialism," Latin Americans have been using this cop-out to justify their political ineptitude and economic sloth. Langguth predictably genuflects before the author of that absurd pamphlet before accusing his fellow-countrymen of crimes that would make Beria and Himmler blanch.

SELDEN RODMAN



IT'S A HELL OF A LIFE BUT NOT A BAD LIVING, *by Edward Dmytryk (Times Books, 310 pp., $10.95).* The Hollywood memoir, often a pretentious rite of self-congratulation, occasionally achieves a blend of revelation, wit, and understatement offering equal measures of candor and humility. David Niven accomplished this feat. Now Edward Dmytryk, a journeyman film director of some repute (*Crossfire*; *Murder, My Sweet*; *The Caine Mutiny*; *Raintree Country*; and *The Young Lions*), provides a lucid insight into his craft, which has kept him behind the camera for 54 years. Notwithstanding a profitable and respected career, the author is best remembered for being one of the Hollywood Ten, which led him through naïveté into disillusionment, a hearing before HUAC, and a subsequent sentence for contempt of Congress in 1947. Dmytryk broke away from the Communist Party and reappeared before the Committee as a friendly witness four years later. Thence he began the long road back to a new career in the cinema—no small task, considering the ostracism and suspicion he suffered. Still, Dmytryk persevered and obtained a position where he directed the finest talent that money could hire. The journey was an arduous one, and the author recounts it with the quiet sensitivity of one grateful to be a creative artist, the stoicism of a professional who asks nothing more than to be judged by his work.

ALAN B. MILLER

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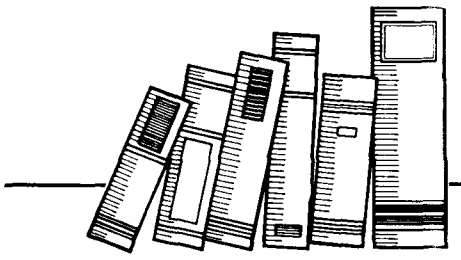

Dark Horses

SOCIAL-GOSPEL religion, accepting its terms of reference from the world, has long since lost any discernible contact with the realm of faith. So much is commonly appreciated.

Not so widely known is that the obsession of some Western clerics with social uplift is more than simply non-religious in character. In the policy views to which it gravitates, and the secular creeds that it espouses, it is profoundly anti-religious in its implications, and in recent years has grown progressively more so. What began as a mild collectivism has become an alliance with Marxist terror—a policy turn so glaringly heretical as to border on the Satanic.

For those who think this indictment too severe, Ernest Lefever's *Amsterdam to Nairobi* (Ethics and Public Policy Center, Georgetown University, 1211 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $5) is strongly recommended. In this critique of the World Council of Churches and its love affair with the "Third World," the author shows the transgressions of the WCC to be much worse than merely "involving the church where it doesn't belong," the usual charge against politicking clergy. The problem is rather that "the church," if the WCC may be so described, is involved where it arguably *does* belong; but, unfortunately, on the anti-Christian side.

The most jarring example of this departure was the revelation a year ago that an $85,000 grant had been made by the WCC to the Communist-backed guerrilla forces invading Zimbabwe-Rhodesia (a state now headed, ironically enough, by a black Methodist bishop). The money was allegedly meant for food and health services, but there was no assurance that it wouldn't be spent for AX-47s and Soviet SAM missiles—both of which the guerrillas use quite freely in their war of terror against the black civilian population (and Christian missionaries).

As Lefever shows, similar aid has been given other Marxist "Liberation" groups in Africa, most notably the South West African Peoples Organization of Sam Nujoma, which through 1978 had received some $498,000 of WCC funds. Other Marxist recipients of such aid include the MPLA in Angola, and FRELIMO in Mozambique. These grants have been made by the WCC's Program to Combat Racism, whose chief American supporters, Lefever notes, are the United Methodist and United Presbyterian Churches.

In keeping with this performance, the WCC and its official spokesmen have drifted toward a policy stance that is indistinguishable from Marxist boilerplate: ritual denunciation of U.S. policy in Vietnam, condemnation of Western "imperialism" and "racism," demands for "radical change in economic, social, and political structures," etc. On the other hand, the WCC has little to say in condemnation of the Soviet Union, or other Communist (and militantly anti-Christian) despotisms, or the one-party African dictatorships that are backing the war of terror against Zimbabwe-Rhodesia.

HOW THE WCC got in this condition is the subject of two monographs, also published by the Ethics and Public Policy Center—*The World Council of Churches and Radical Chic*, by Richard Niehaus, and *Politicizing Christianity: Focus on South Africa*, by Edward Norman (50 cents each). Reverend Niehaus, a Lutheran minister in New York, argues that the WCC, having played down questions of doctrine in search of ecumenical agreement, was pretty much left with radical politics as its principle of unity. Reverend Norman, an Anglican prelate and historian, suggests that liberal clergy, bereft of other certitude, are easy prey for secular dogma—a conversion the more easily accomplished since the clerics know precious little of the issues on which they are expounding.

Suffice it to say the whole affair emits the distinct aroma of sulfur.

—M. STANTON EVANS

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NOVAK

(Continued from page 1302)

vealed in the latter complaint is a starkly moral vision of the universe suitable for grammar school but incredible thereafter, according to which any just social system rewards moral standing and only moral standing.

To the contrary, a society rewards its most talented, hardest-working, most driven, and luckiest citizens not for moral but for selfish reasons. That society is likely to survive longer and to prosper better which offers incentives to its natural leaders, and recruits these as broadly and eagerly as it can. A society rewards such leaders not because they are more moral (although one hopes they will be) but because they lead. The justification for a meritocracy is not moral but teleological—not based upon the ontological goodness of some abstract moral scheme but based upon a drive toward raising up natural leaders from wherever on the social ladder they may be distributed. For a society well led possesses a dynamism others, less well led, lack.

Few are the individuals who have come to the United States from any other culture on this planet who do not find greater opportunity here than where they were. For their children and their grandchildren, moreover, they may with all empirical probability expect even greater opportunity than for themselves. Our system of opportunity works, as the poor seem to know better than the privileged. Therein lies the secret of its dynamism and its circulation of elites.

Religious leaders, in particular, are easily misled by words with an idealistic ring. Against this tendency, it is important for them, especially, to practice realism—biblical realism. In the real world, even as between siblings in the same family or as between students in the same classroom, there are very real inequalities of talent, interest, desire, application, and luck. (God does not distribute his graces equally.) In many respects, nothing is lovelier than an unequal, differentiated, individualistic universe, in which tree differs from tree in shapeliness, leaf from leaf. How did anyone ever imagine that equality is a moral imperative, or that a world equal in every respect would be lovelier than the world we have?

Of course, the impulse arose from a moral drive within the human personality for equality under the law and for equal opportunity. Here, exactly, one must not squander treasures. For these are liberal imperatives, properly understood solely within the liberal tradition. "Equal opportunity," for example, cannot be taken to mean the cancelation of nature and history, as if at the starting line everyone were identical. If that were to be the case, then there would be no point to any contest.

In a real race—a foot race in track and field—it is not uncommon for the poorest, least privileged youngster to run best. Equal opportunity does not mean that each youngster who enters Harvard enters with an identical family tradition, identical financial base, identical educational preparation, identical internal drive—or leaves Harvard with identical results. It does mean that each has a shot to make of a Harvard education a spring toward the very top in whatever profession he should choose; but that, along the way, he will have to beat out quite a number of youngsters from Yale, Michigan, Texas, and Youngstown Community College. In the real world, actually, some of the latter always win.

The world is often unfair. No one ever said it was a morality play. Bright parents pass along advantages less bright parents cannot, but they cannot always pass on brightness. For those who love democratic capitalism it is a joy to see underdogs win, and to watch the ceaseless invasion of the places of eminence by many born poor and without privilege. That is what is meant by equal opportunity—a possibility, a shot, often enough realized so as to be a reality beyond a doubt, but with no guarantee and little permanence for one's children.

God, had God wished to make the world perfectly, boringly equal, could have made individuals less various and perhaps even virtuous. As the world is, however, a social system attempting to impose equality upon nature and history can do so only by force. Which is why the illusion-drenched dream of egalitarianism leads predictably to tyranny, while realistic schemes of equality under the law and equal opportunity carry forward the energies of God's mischievous creation. □

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On Lowering One's Voice

On The Right

New York, Sept. 21—The Moderates (have you noticed, The Moderates are always correct?) are talking about the need to lower one's voice in our little disagreement with Cuba and the Soviet Union. The question bores in the mind: Is there ever a time for *raising* one's voice?

Now, Cyrus Vance is beloved by all who know him, and I am sure this would include me, if I knew him. But he is the highest peak in that great range of haughty mountains who are always telling us to lower our voices, the runner-up being the *New York Times*, which believes in lowering our voices in criticizing anybody except people who disagree with the *New York Times*. Mr. Vance is reportedly "troubled"—note that people who write about Vance tend to the same meiosis in describing Vance as Vance uses in reacting to the blunter statements of Americans who not only are a) exercised by the Soviet démarche in Cuba; but b) vocal in expressing that exercise.

This is not to deny that quietness has its uses, which reminds me of a personal encounter. It was 1968, and I announced as a candidate for trustee of Yale University. The learned doctors at Yale put their heads together to come up with the most formidable possible opponent, and in due course announced the nomination of Cyrus R. Vance, who was then serving the Administration of President Johnson as Deputy Secretary of Defense. The *New York Times* called for a comment from me, and I said, a week or two after the Tet offensive, "I hope that Mr. Vance will be more successful against me than he has been against the Vietcong." That comment was in turn taken to Mr. Vance, and his reply was: "That sort of comment by him deserves no comment by me." Mr. Vance, disdaining escalation even then, won the contest easily. On the other hand, the enemy perseveres.

On this occasion Mr. Vance is clearly not in control. General Frank Church, the last survivor of the Rough Riders, has said flatly that the SALT treaty will not be ratified by the Senate unless the Soviet Union pulls back its troops and submarines. Senator Jackson has gone on to specify other conditions the Soviet Union will need to meet. Senator Moynihan has most wisely warned against being ambushed by the Soviets. This is extremely easy: They need only do something particularly provocative, undo it, and then coast in with a treaty they hotly desire. It is as if Adolf Hitler had promised to kill one less Jew, in return for a non-aggression treaty.

This plea is, precisely, to raise our voices. It isn't a matter of decibels, it is a matter of action. It is the felt experience of the nations of the world sitting in the bleachers that the Soviet Union has not suffered in 25 years for any aggression it has committed, either directly against the United States or indirectly. The last time the Soviet Union suffered was thanks to the Israeli army, which in short order disabled half a thousand Soviet tanks in Egypt in 1967.

What are our weapons? Congressman Peter Peyser of New York, invoking the authority of the Monroe Doctrine, introduced an amendment to a bill on export controls, authorizing the President to suspend trade with the Soviet Union, and the amendment was instantly passed. Mr. Peyser then became very direct. He spoke of the wheat we send to the Soviet Union, which for all we know sustains the political as well as the biological life of Leonid Brezhnev, allowing him to sit up late at night, plotting the architecture of Fortress Cuba, while drinking coffee and munching cakes made from Iowa wheat. "Let's find out," said Peyser, raising his voice, "what's important to the Russians."

Indeed. SALT II should be rejected on account of its inherent deficiencies, never mind Cuba. But the Soviet salient in Cuba should be countered by a year's moratorium on any grain exports to Russia. Ah, but for this we need a few critical votes—from the great grain-exporting states. We need the votes of Senators Culver and Jepsen of Iowa, Zorinsky and Exon of Nebraska, Dole and Kassebaum of Kansas, Bayh and Lugar of Indiana, Stevenson and Percy of Illinois, Durenberger and Boschwitz of Minnesota. These men, without the need of loudspeakers, can raise their voices to a level heard by the Soviet Union. *Nemo me impune lacessit* is the Scottish contribution to the British royal emblem. *No man, with impunity, crosses me*. We should say this—at the top of our lungs. □

SURPRISE IN CUBA

New York, Sept. 15—Senator Frank Church, the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, has issued an ultimatum. Unless the Soviet Union pulls its brigade out of Cuba, No Treaty. "I see no likelihood that the Senate would ratify the SALT II treaty as long as any Soviet combat troops remain stationed in Cuba. The U.S.," he said solemnly, "cannot permit the Soviets to establish a military base on Cuban soil."

Concerning the above, a few observations:

1. The way Castro's behaving, you would think he was an anti-American Communist. Any such conclusion would startle the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. In August of 1977 Senator Church spent three deliriously pleasant days with Fidel Castro in Cuba. At a press conference in Havana on his way home, Senator Church pronounced Castro's views to be "reasonable, objective, and surprisingly moderate." Indeed, Church was articulately grateful to Castro. "He did not display bitterness toward the United States. If any man had a reason to be embittered, it might have been him [sic]." Church thanked Castro and said he believed he and Castro had "become personal friends." That should make it a lot easier for Senator Church to get Castro to remove the Russians and the Russians' spy complex now being guarded by the

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Russian troops. All Church has to do is get on the telephone and call his personal friend Castro and tell him to expedite the Soviet removal.

2. We can, then, assume that Senator Church will clear up the little matter of the Soviet troops in Cuba. But we are led to ask the question: Hasn't Senator Church maintained, all along, that signing the SALT II treaty is something that inures to the benefit of the United States? If that is so, how does the presence of Soviet troops in Cuba amount to an argument against SALT? If SALT will make the United States safer in the long run than no SALT, or a different SALT, what is the bearing of the Soviet troops on the ratification of the treaty? By Senator Church's reasoning, the more troops the Soviets dispatched to Cuba, the greater the reason for expediting the treaty. If the Soviet Union dispatched ten divisions to Cuba, thus aggravating the international scene, the more urgently would we need to put a brake on strategic delivery forces.

3. Senator Church, along with other defenders of the SALT treaty, notably chief spokesman General George Seignious, has all along defended SALT on the grounds that it does not in any way rest on any estimate of Soviet intentions, nor does it assume that we place any trust in the Soviet Union. Well, if that is the case, why should we permit the Soviet episode in Cuba to interrupt our resolution to get on with ratification? Haven't we spent months in attacking the doctrine of linkage? It has been four years since Castro dispatched troops to help bring revolution to Africa. In the last year or so the Soviet Union has acted aggressively, both directly and indirectly, in Rhodesia, Ethiopia, Somalia, South Yemen, and Afghanistan. Cuba has encouraged revolution in the eastern Caribbean. Grenada is gone, with Dominica and Santa Lucia following suit. Jamaica is headed that way. Barbados and Trinidad are imperiled, and the fight for Nicaragua is under way. So far as we can judge, we are resisting Soviet imperialism by making a trade pact with China, by encouraging increased trade with the Soviet Union, and by signing a military treaty overwhelmingly disapproved by the U.S. military.

4. Such is the unconcern of the Soviet Union that it chooses the moment when it might otherwise be stroking the United States not only to fortify its installations in Cuba, but to use its man in Havana to attempt to conscript the so-called non-aligned world into the Soviet camp. Fidel Castro, presiding over a dozen hours a day of anti-American oratory, has gotten twitchy about a certain reluctance, exhibited by Yugoslavia and Tanzania, to accept the proposition that the way to strengthen the non-aligned powers is to align them with Soviet policy. But Castro is a patient man. There is no cloud on the Western horizon that troubles him. He can always release another political prisoner, and get American senators to stage a parade for him. In 1977, when Castro released a few prisoners he had held for 15 years or so, Senator Church said we had to come up with some means of matching the beneficence of Castro. No one has any reason to doubt that Church will ever run out of means of pleasuring Castro or Castro's patrons; and there is no prospect whatever that Castro will run out of prisoners to release.

5. The Internal Revenue Sevice should pass a regulation to the effect that a three-martini lunch is deductible only if the taxpayer can absolutely establish that he devoted the lunch period to contemplating American foreign policy. □

A LEAK FROM THE SUPREME COURT

New York, Sept. 17—It is the most obstinately ignored development in contemporary politics that President Carter has been authorized to supplement the existing federal judiciary by 150 new District Court judges. This means increasing the size of the federal judiciary by 30 per cent. Inasmuch as federal judges are given to making laws these days rather than merely interpreting them, we are faced with something akin to giving the President the authority to appoint thirty new senators, the difference, the more obvious differences apart, being that senators have to refresh their mandate every six years, while judges go on and on, not only in their opinions, but on the bench.

The politicization of the courts, most especially at the Supreme Court level, is hotly debated, and in his famous book, *Government by Judiciary*, Professor Raoul Berger has issued the most recent challenge to the Supreme Court's disposition to take the law into its own hands and simply change the law into what the Court thinks it should be. Now a most vexing aspect of judicial protocol is that it is extremely hard to interrogate a member of the Court. Supreme Court members greatly prefer asseverating to arguing. Such arguing as they do, they do only among themselves, in their written opinions, often contentious, sometimes even bitchy.

In 13 years I have interrogated 750 men and women in public life, including presidents, prime ministers, legislators, union chiefs, poets, and candlestick makers. And not one judge. Notwithstanding that what the judges say more often than not decides the crucial issues of our time.

It is refreshing under the circumstances to read an extraordinarily candid interview by Associate Justice Lewis Powell of the Supreme Court, given to Professor Harry Clor of Kenyon College, and published in the Summer issue of the Kenyon College *Alumni Bulletin*. Professor Clor comes right out and asks, "Do you think that judicial statesmanship, to the extent that there is such a thing, consists primarily of insight into the needs or demands of the times or into the changing conditions to which constitutional clauses are to be applied?"

THE ANSWER OF Justice Powell begins by acknowledging the Court's insulation from the democratic process. "It's well to bear in mind that the Court is composed of judges who are elected for life. We, therefore, are not directly responsible to the people in any political sense."

That's both good and bad, says Powell, "Yet our independence does give the Court a freedom to make decisions that perhaps are necessary for our society, decisions that the legislative branch may be reluctant to make. The classic case that comes to mind is *Brown* v. *Board of Education*. The Congress had adequate authority under the Constitution to enact the sort of legislation that has been adopted since *Brown*.

"But it was the Supreme Court that finally decided in 1954 that segregation in our society must come to an end."

Another example: "It also was the Supreme Court that made the difficult decision, one the Congress apparently did not want to make, to lower the voting age to 18. There was nothing in the Constitution that could have suggested that result. In the simplest of terms, the Court decided that when young people were being drafted and asked to go to war and risk their lives at age 18, the time had come to extend to them the right to participate as citizens in the decisions that affected them so seriously."

An interesting line of reasoning, which to be sure could be extended to assert that because girls can and sometimes do bear children at age 11, they should have the vote concerning the statutory age of marriage. But never mind the logic. The assertion of legislative autonomy has seldom been made with greater clarity, and on this occasion from a member of the Supreme Court, appointed by Mr. Nixon, who is considered a conservative; a judge among those least likely to approach the Constitution as if it still sat in Philadelphia, unfinished: indeed, consigned, like the Flying Dutchman, never to reach port. We are left to wonder what is the role of the constitutional amendment? One possibility is to use it to curb the authority of the Supreme Court. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An instrument used to treat WORD B — 54 49 52 67 72 142 149 133 157 185 / 201 56 77

B. Defective curvature of the refractive surfaces of the eye — 69 5 186 39 99 203 209 221 47 59 / 16

C. Morbid dread of filth — 86 76 206 60 103 139 166 172 104 109 / 130

D. The extension of excessive filling material over a tooth cavity's margins — 97 196 224 164 116 179 160 128

E. An oily liquid skin preparation — 123 135 94 156 3 90 146 63

F. A condition in which certain sounds cause discomfort (such as radios) — 137 207 211 1 44 126 173 8 71 78

G. A small straight incision into a cavity or organ — 21 31 102 48 150 10 169 176 2 105

H. Mallotoxin — 32 215 80 148 41 117 202 197 205

I. Rubbish (see your local newspaper) — 4 28 35 40 75

J. Short form of an Anglican church festival — 91 81 212 158 107 220 136

K. Hunger cure — 110 199 42 23 82 11 101 188 122 147

L. THE TEE — 115 138 43 168 92 159

M. A card game for cardiologists — 129 140 15 195 182 64

N. Efferent — 167 155 177 45 183 174 20 141 53

O. A British physicist (1871-1937) — 46 85 6 26 55 57 65 34 13 19

P. The world chess champion, 1935-1937 — 189 98 95 143

Q. A Paris veterinarian (1827-1917) for whom a bacillus and a bacterium are named — 38 100 22 184 198 61 7 222

R. Paris two-timed her — 58 24 144 163 68 93

S. To cluster — 127 29 62 153 96 191 70 162

T. Where all the polls ought to be buried (and then ignited) — 175 25 118 50 121 193 30 74 89 108

U. Does a broad highway lead to this New Orleans university? — 214 187 180 106 73 33

V. An American physicist (1881-1949) for whom a process of destroying bacteria was named — 223 27 51 145 181 190 217 124 18 171

W. Foolish — 194 83 112 178 36 154

X. To masticate — 161 113 170 119

Y. To pull a tissue apart with needles — 216 114 152 84 120

Z. Pointless — 9 151 87 192 208

a. Traveled over in an airplane — 66 131 14 210 219 79 37 165 88

b. Novel — 134 218 17 200 204 213 111 125 132 12

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1316 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

					1 F	2 G	3 E	4 I	5 B	6 O		7 Q	8 F		9 Z	10 G		11 K	
12 b	13 O	14 a	15 M	16 B		17 b	18 V		19 O	20 N	21 G	22 Q	23 K	24 R		25 T	26 O	27 V	
28 I	29 S	30 T	31 G	32 H	33 U		34 O	35 I		36 W	37 a	38 Q	39 B	40 I	41 H		42 K	43 L	44 F
45 N	46 O	47 B	48 G	49 A		50 T	51 V	52 A		53 N	54 A	55 O		56 A	57 O	58 R	59 B	60 C	61 Q
62 S	63 E	64 M		65 O	66 a	67 A		68 R	69 B	70 S	71 F	72 A	73 U	74 T	75 I		76 C	77 A	78F
79 a	80 H	81 J		82 K	83 W	84 Y	85 O	86 C	87 Z	88 a	89 T	90 E		91 J	92 L	93 R	94 E		95 P
96 S		97 D	98 P	99 B	100Q	101K		102G	103C		104C	105G		106U	107J	108T	109C	110K	111b
	112W	113X	114Y	115L	116D	117H	118T		119X	120Y		121T	122K	123E	124V		125b	126F	127S
128D		129M	130C	131a	132b		133A	134b		135E	136J	137F	138L	139C	140M	141N	142A	143P	144R
145V		146E	147K	148H	149A	150G	151Z	152Y	153S		154W	155N	156E	157A	158J	159L	160D	161X	162S
	163R	164D		165a	166C	167N	168L	169G	170X	171V		172C	173F	174N		175T	176G	177N	178W
179D	180U		181V	182M	183N	184Q	185A	186B	187U	188K	189P		190V	191S	192Z		193T	194W	195M
196D	197H	198Q	199K		200b	201A	202H		203B	204b	205H	206C		207F	208Z	209B	210a	211F	
212J	213b	214U	215H		216Y	217V	218b		219a	220J	221B	222Q	223V	224D					

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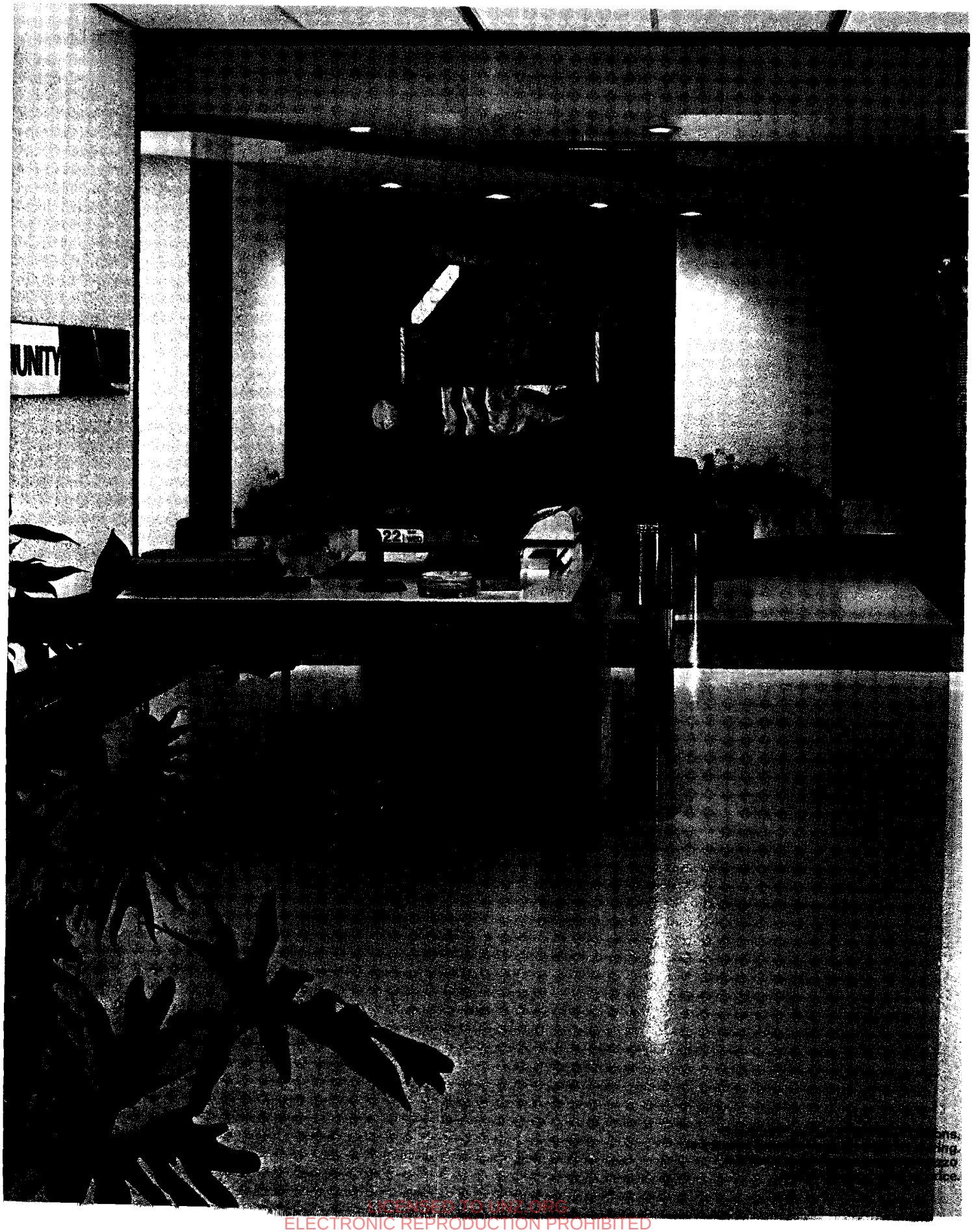

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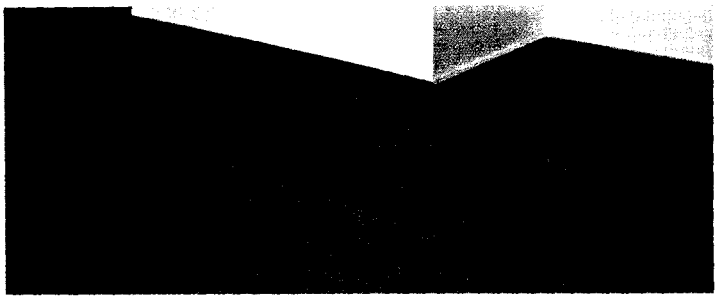

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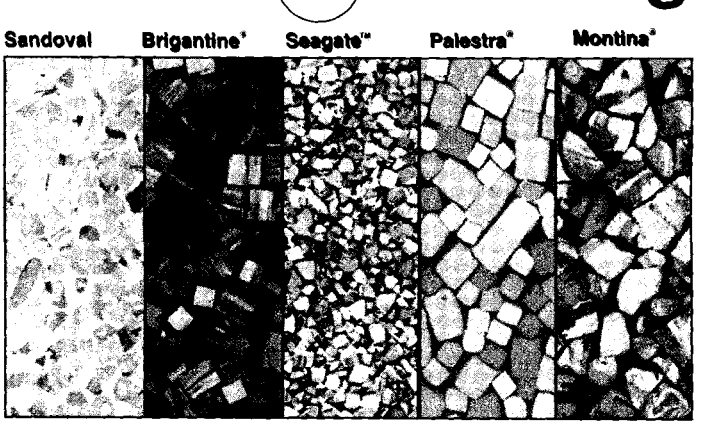

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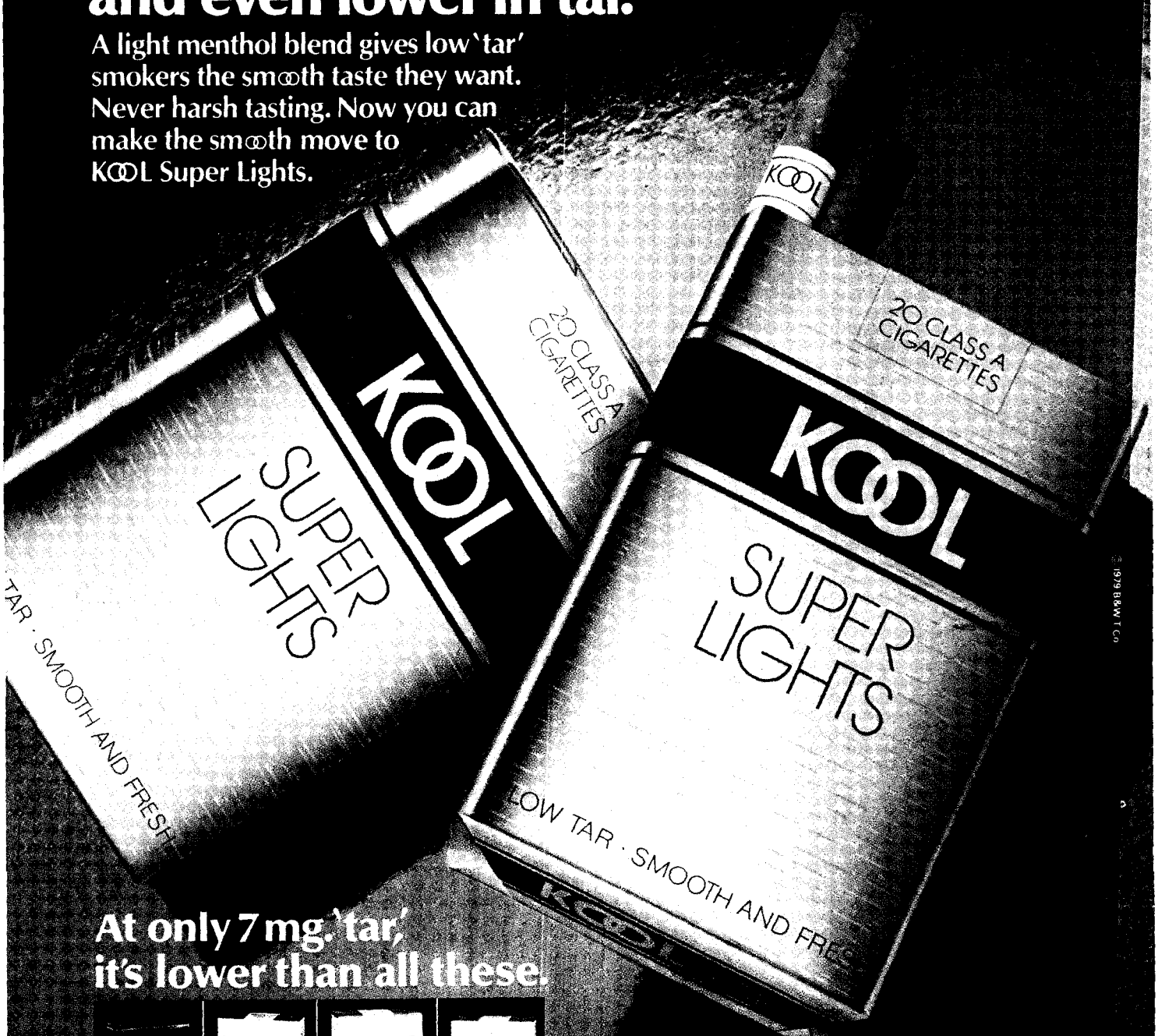

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